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RT

THE CAMP

AT

LES ERABLES

1890.

May moved Gier

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68 FRONT STREET WEST.

Entered according to the Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one, by S. V. Blake, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

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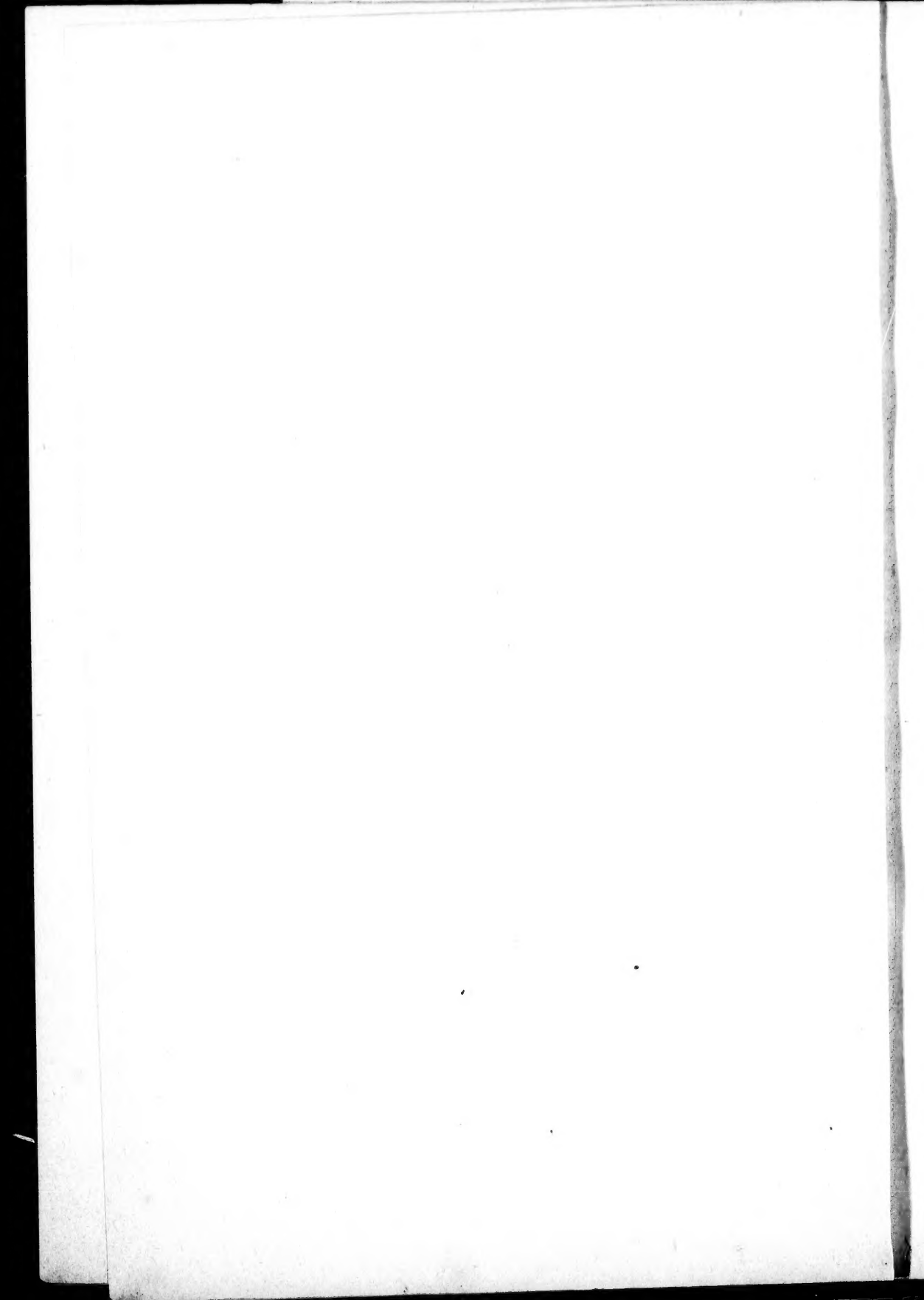
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WHO WE ARE.

S. H. BLAKE.—

Whose favorite song runs :—

“Come o’er the sea,

Cruising with me ;

While sea birds are calling and billows foam past ;

If the tide’s fair

We *may* reach somewhere,

And I’ll steer, while you sweep with a thing like a mast.”

ROBERT CASSELS.—

Called sometimes “The Ostrich,” in honest praise of a gastric juice
which has proved equal to digesting the judgments of the
Supreme Court of Canada.

*A. MONRO GRIER.—

Dulce ridens, dulce loquens.

Historian, Poet, Orator, Honorary Cook, P. G.

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.—

“Tho’ the dews of Kilmarnock fall héavy and chill,

My heart is aye warm if I’m close to the(e) still.”

HURON }
FRANK } CRONYN.—

The two of them don’t make one very big boy, but each has grit
enough for a grenadier.

*W. H. BLAKE.—

Soi disant chef de l’expedition.

*J. MCG. YOUNG.—

The real commander, diversely known as “James,” “Jim,” “Greg,”
“McGregor,” “McGruder,” “J. McG.” “Jacques McGregoire
La Jeunesse,” “Here, you—you ”

HUGH ROSE.—

“The Jedge.”

*S. V. BLAKE.—

“Sam,” “Le Jeune Nicolas,”

V. CRONYN.—

“Piscator.” Fierce and unforgiving to the finny tribe alone.

T. D. LAW.—

“Tommy.” His Motto :—

“All pleasures but the angler's bring
I' the tail Repentance like a sting.”

A. T. THOMPSON.—

“Andy.” Easily to be identified by the invariable bandanna,
redolent of mosquito oil.

F. H. MOSS.—

“Frank.” Him of the unfailing appetite.

F. A. DRAKE.—

“Franky,” “Drakey,” “Earflaps.” A reckless, dare-devil, swagger-
ing John L. Sullivan ; but approachable by the fair sex in his
softer moods.

NICOLAS AUBIN.—

“Le Sauvage.” In whom a remote infusion of French blood is
responsible for a sense of humor. Strong, untiring, good natured
and skilful in a canoe beyond Anglo-Saxon comprehension.

OLIVIER DUMONT.—

Bon “cook” et bon canotier.

GASPARD SIMARD.—

Perhaps our best liar.

*These—with Professor Muttonhead—are the several authors of the
following pages.

INTRODUCTION.

BY PROFESSOR MUTTONHEAD.

I HAVE been asked by my friend Mr. Alex. Monro Grier to edit the following account by him of certain camping experiences of himself and others on the Murray River in the month of August, in the year of Grace 1890. I have had great diffidence and reluctance in acceding to this request, but have at last given way, having been moved to do so by the following considerations, amongst others : 1.—Such humanity as I possess prompted me to say “Yes”; humanity towards him in giving him contentment and pleasure; humanity towards others in pruning this literary sprout of a few of its leaves and twigs, and thus doing away with some of the horror otherwise to follow upon a contemplation of it. 2.—My great friendship for the writer urged me; a friendship so great that at times it has been said (though, indeed, not by such as have a nice literary discrimination) that I have fallen into his style of writing—if style he can be said to have. 3.—In addition, the language of his request that I do this thing, whilst its crudeness shocked me, was so earnest in character that it formed a third and resolving reason. The request ran as follows:—

TORONTO. 1 January, 1891.

MY DEAR MUTTONHEAD,—I send you a little baby of mine, in fact my firstborn; but, lest you may imagine that I have joined the ranks of the benedicts, and am in the proud position of a father, let me hasten to inform you that the child spoken of is the babe literary: of that kind is the bantling.

It is to be shown to its loving friends, and I am so anxious that nothing of the sweetness of reception which usually falls to the lot of youngsters on such occasions be missed by this one, that I wish you to see if his

clothes are all right, and, indeed, that he himself is in proper form. I would have you, then, my dear Muttonhead, worthy wielder of the literary scalpel and lancet—not to mention your other professorial duties—trim down this child. But, since what may appear to you a mere fleshy part, only to be got rid of, as spoiling the outline, may to my loving eyes be evidently an ear say, or a nose, I would have you, when you slash, leave an asterisk, so to speak, that those regarding may know that your knife has been there.

The task is ungrateful to you, I know, to you who hate babies (even the literary ones) but I assure you that I know not where else to turn, and, as I leave this loved one with you, I *implore* you to do as I ask you.

Your friend,

ALEX. MONRO GRIER.

P. S.—Lest you may be deterred from your task at the first glance by the seeming hideousness of the child, let me warn you that, on my showing it to a few friends the other evening, not five minutes had elapsed before the room was empty of them.—A. M. G.

And it is for the writer of this letter that I have agreed to perform this task. Grewsome, however, as the letter is, it has perhaps less of horror than his "History"—for so I would have you know, he dignifies his "baby." "Baby," indeed, let us drop the figure, that young humanity be no further insulted.

I have not dealt with the manuscript as I felt prompted to, for, indeed, nothing but a blazing fire seemed to me to be its proper fate; but I have done what I could, and as a rule have placed my asterisk.

Let the author speak now.

CHAPTER I.

THOSE reading what follows will already have read the introductory words of my friend, the learned Professor Muttonhead, so that I am the less concerned about pointing out in advance the shortcomings which are to be found in what I am about to write.

I have been charged with the proud but responsible duty of chronicling in fit phrase the exploits of a certain band of merry men, who in August, 1890, penetrated into the wilds and fastnesses near by a portion of the Murray River; but, whilst the sense of pride inflates me, as a balloon is filled with gas, or as the fabled frog was blown with vanity, the pin of consciousness of inability reduces me to flatness and flaccidity. Let me avoid the pin, and try my best. I would, however, claim for myself the right to set everything down in such order, or such want of order, as shall commend itself to me, without regard to any considerations as to whether or not in the experience of mankind the like has been known outside of the realms where the night-mare kicks her heels. And I make this claim with greater freedom when I contemplate the variety of scene and incident which it is my lot to describe, a variety which itself demands a treatment not confined within the borders of convention.

On Wednesday evening, the 6th day of August, 1890, Mr. W. H. Blake, of the City of Toronto, Barrister-at-Law, accosted me (and here, let me say, that in these pages I call myself "I," "the writer," "the Historian," or how else best suits my whim) with the historic—when this masterpiece shall have been read, the doubly historic—words, "there was a sound of revelry by night." The place where was the verandah of "Maisonrouge," the summer residence of the Hon. Edward Blake, and the forceps of the remark (I think my love for this figure is not incurable) had for prongs the two facts now to be detailed.

[Note by the Professor. I refrain from knocking off this literary "grotesque," in order that the reader may faintly picture, from it, what the structure generally was like, before I attacked it. As to the author's meaning (if any) I think he has "drawing out" in his mind.]

1. There was being held one of Mrs. Edward Blake's "At Homes," which took place on the Wednesday evenings in July and August of 1890. So that the "sound of revelry" was there ; but, what of warfare was the next day to bring ?

2. On the morrow we were to start on the march against, not Napoleon and his cohorts, but flies innumerable and trout and other wild beasts of unknown quantity and quality.

But the manly hearts beat high, and the manly feet beat merry ; and fair women made the hearts beat higher and the feet merrier. In the world's history, halls may have been more splendid, and dresses costlier, but the faces here needed no splendour of setting. The hours passed, but men and women, boys and girls, laughed at Tomorrow, until at last they danced into his fields. Press carefully in memory's pages the flowers of pleasure which have been worn to-night ; their scent and colour will die hard !

Early in the morning the sound of the Captain (W. H. Blake), and such of his men as were to come from "Mille Roches" was heard, and Mr. Cronyn, S.V. ("Sam") Blake and myself hurried to meet them. Our spirits, like a good many millions of others on occasions of a like kind, resembled an April day : all sun for the hope of jolly hours to come ; all showers for the sorrow of leaving our friends. With a royal shout and loud "Good-byes !" off we started. As we did so, two white figures were seen to issue stealthily from the top window of "Maisonrouge," and we began to imagine that already the house might boast of its family ghost (and indeed ghosts) and that (and indeed those) a summer one (and indeed summer ones). Thoughts of a possible Mrs. Henry Wood novel, with the scenes laid at Murray Bay, floated through our minds, but these were soon dissipated. These were not "The Bogie Man" and his double, habited in intangible garb. The clothing was the domestic night gown, and the figures were those of E. F. ("Ned") Blake and Gerald Fitz Gibbon.

Well, we are off, and this is our party :—

[*Note by the Professor.* This is, of course, where the list of the campers ought to come in, but the Author sends me a characteristic note, telling me that he has mislaid it, and that the names must be given at the end of the book, as the printing must go on. He concludes :—"perhaps after all it is better so." Why ? He does not state. Nor do I. Why

The writer had the honour of driving with the Captain and Nicolas, "Billee" being Jehu. Many words might be written and yet come altogether short as a description of that day's drive. I do not attempt the task, but content myself with merely naming some of the "*motifs*" for pictures by brush and pen. The blue of distant hills : the shimmer of the lakes beneath the sun : the occasional village with its yelping dog and wide-eyed children : the walking on foot up the hills : the mad rush down them, "Billee" all on fire, his face, crinkled as an old walnut kernel, almost cracking with excitement : Nicolas with bronzed face, black eyes, blacker hair, and a cap of splendid red : the talk with the Captain, now on something brought from some recess of the mind, and now on something the fashion of the moment ! If the others had an experience at all the equal of the writer's for enjoyment, the cavalcade was a happy one.

It may be my good fortune to speak of the Captain's ability hereafter, but I would here make the general remark that, throughout, the combination of officer and private was seen. A head to direct ; a hand to do at least its share : and, if I were to say that his head equalled his hand, my readers would congratulate us upon our Captain, had they seen him with his pack as we portaged.

At mid-day we stopped for an "al fresco" luncheon.

I have now the unpleasant duty to chronicle the first of a series of misconstructions which my conduct was subjected to during the camp. I had, of course, the consolation of the good boy who figures in the medicine-cum-jam story book, namely, that of Conscious Goodness enduring Undeserved Contumely ; but, notwithstanding that, the recollection still rankles in my mind. This first of the series fell out in this wise :—After the meats, which consisted of eggs and pork, we had fruit, and, with the last, milk warmly covered with a coat of cream. Well, as ill luck would have it, as I was helping myself out of the first bowl, this mantle of cream fell on to my plate, and those who followed me had the naked milk. Strangely enough, the same mishap occurred with each bowl, and I found myself a victim of the foul calumny of having of set purpose appropriated to my own personal use this more grateful portion of the lacteal fluid, and, indeed, of having a certain suspicious aptness of hand as of one who had aforetime so appropriated the same.

I trust that my honest recital of the facts will persuade those of my readers who do *not* know me that the charge was undeserved. To those of them who *do* know me I am certain that it is *useless* to say anything.

[*Note by the Professor.* I think that my friend, the Author, means "needless," but, well as I know him, I feel a delicacy about making a change in the text where it is so personal to himself.]

Towards the end of our day's journey we had a good deal of walking to do, but we all enjoyed the change from the planches, especially at a certain down-hill part of the road, where some of the legs of the party took a holiday, and ran. When we reached the camp, it looked as picturesque as well might be : in the foreground, a stretch of green, and in the distance the white tents against a fringe of trees.

Fishing was proposed, and off we went to Point Gerome Lake. The party was a gay one, as we ranged ourselves on the bank ; some to fish, and some (lying lazily the while, their heads in the shade of the bushes, their legs in the light of the sun) to help the fishers, by caustic references and cutting smiles. We had our first "pool" on this occasion (our pools were for 5 cents) which Sam Blake won with 5, as 95 fish were caught, a large number of them being the result of Mr. Cassels' good handiwork.

I would have liked to introduce here a word or two on the evils of pools and other forms of gambling ; but I feel that the knowledge of my friends that I was a participator in this particular pool disqualifies me for the occasion in some degree. I am therefore robbed of this opportunity for good.

I may have occasion to refer to the subject of fishing from time to time, but, here, let me say that I am not an adept with the rod, and, by consequence, may "scamp" certain portions of this attempted picture of our camp life which, to the fisherman, are those which should have the best (if there can be a "best," where none is good) work put into them.

As to the catch this first day, it was not considered a very great one, for, though the fish were many in number for the time occupied in the killing, the slaughtered were not giants.

It did not need the introduction of "Mr. Kilmarnock" that evening to make the camp fire jollity itself, and the worthy gentleman's stay was very

short, not for so long a time indeed, as it would take a man to walk the circle of the fire twice. In honour of the visitor's nationality, Andrew ("Andy") Thompson sang, in a manner worthy of the song, (such praise ought to make him blush!) "Willie brewed a peck o' maut": and, as a tribute to his good spirits, we made the woods noisy with "Three Jolly Post-boys": but, as we proved over and over again to a demonstration during the camp, the presence of no such visitor was required to give warmth to our songs around the camp fire, glowing as our faces were with health, and refreshed as we were with the wine of happiness.

I would add here a few words as to Nicolas and his conduct that day and the next. At the start he was strangely excited and noisy, and this excitement and this noise grew as the day grew, until at last, when we reached camp, it was so noticeable that Mr. S. H. Blake remarked to us that some one had been giving him fire water. In the evening, excitement fought with stupidity, but each asserted itself superior from time to time. I confess to having had a feeling of disappointment, as the Captain had had occasion before this to recount the man's good deeds and qualities to me. He assured me now that Nicolas would be all right in the morning, and would from that out be worthy of nothing but praise. In this he showed his knowledge of the man. It pleases me to view an incident which happened the next day as one of design. I would have you know that the Indians bathed in the river at a point above where we had our swim, and as a consequence everything that floated which they put into the water was carried down to us. In the morning, at the time when we were bathing, an empty gin bottle floated down! All was told in that! Nicolas was admirable for the whole of the camp. On this particular morning he was penitence itself, and looked for works of supererogation to perform. It pleases me also to believe that this attitude of his was, in part at least, due to the Captain's conduct in refraining from speaking to the Indian. I do not mention this incident for Nicolas' blame.

CHAPTER II.

IT was a jolly scrub and swim we had the next morning. The writer espied a small suburb of the main rock, and on that suburb squatted, and, squatting, watched the others soap themselves. One of the youngest hearts, Mr. S. H. Blake, made merry at the expense of his fellow campers, particularly, perhaps, of Mr. Cassels, whose chief aim, except that of washing himself, seemed to be to make the small pool in front of him like unto a washing caldron on Monday morning, and to give the whole rock a saponaceous fringe. The writer, from the sanctuary aforementioned, took an æsthetic pleasure in the effect produced, but failed to find agreement with his views on the part of those who had to follow Mr. Cassels to the bath. We were a gay fleet, from the Cronyn Boys torpedo boats to the Alexander Mackenzie man-of-war.

Now, this day was fated to contain mishaps and other things conducive to discontent, and the true chronicler must duly set them out, if he would be had for an honest man. Woe is me that I should have to say so, but it was decided to strap the fishing rods and the rifle together. Parenthetically and pathetically I here would advise all campers who wish not to be troubled with the sight of game of any kind to be sure to include a gun in their "*impedimenta*." In my limited experience I have never known it to fail. Well, the rods and the rifle were strapped together, and the Captain took them for the first stage. That awful pack! It was bad enough to have to carry it oneself, as the thing had a capacity for research into delicacy of bone on the shoulder that partook of the marvellous; but that was as nothing compared with the distress of seeing another man the pack-bearer. So that at least one shoulder of each man ached all the time. You saw the other man stumble along rough places, and you reflected upon your strides over a green sward; he had to brush through trees, and the vista of your cleared path came to you again.

And another worry was ours, for we had to walk behind the charettes, the object being, as I was told, that if anything happened to them we

might be near at hand. The road was bad in many places, and every lurch and every lunge of every horse was known to us, whilst, in addition, our enforced slowness of gait gave room for reflection upon the difficulties of the way for our own feet. In short, it was tiresome work. But we were rewarded to some degree when we came to a river which crossed the path, a river which bears a striking resemblance, in one particular, to all others that we saw, namely, that I have forgotten its name. It was a brave sight to see the poor horses rush down the near decline, plunge across the sucking mud, and struggle up the opposing hill to the music of rewarding shouts.

And here it was that Francis ("Frank") Drake, who had relieved the Captain of the rods and rifle was, himself, relieved of them by the writer.

Bravely had Drake carried them, and in a way fitting to a descendant of Sir Francis Drake of illustrious memory. The qualities of endurance in the present owner of the name bore so striking a resemblance to those of the hero of an earlier day, that I have been at pains to discover if some likeness of experiences in their lives might not be unearthed. Outside, however, of the experiences more or less common to mankind, such as a tendency towards hunger on an empty stomach, I have found none, save one only, which solitary one is, however, of so startling a character that I break the thread of my narrative in order to speak of it.

It will be remembered how Sir Francis Drake (I allude to the one of the Elizabethan era) whilst one day playing bowls on the Hoe at Plymouth was informed that the Armada was approaching. He appeared to be not in the least disconcerted, but went on playing his game. Now for the Drake of the Victorian age. One day, whilst he was playing bowls at the Murray Bay Club, a heated messenger rushed breathless into the alley, and cried out "The Pilot Boat!" Here the likeness ends, and strangely enough, for, whereas in the earlier case the fleet was a hostile one, and to be dreaded, as meaning the hardships of war, in the latter, the fleet was a friendly one, and to be welcomed, as meaning a pleasant and peaceful outing. The face of the Drake of to-day blanched, and he fled from the alley.

[Note by the Professor. Here, as well as elsewhere in his account, I believe the author to have drawn upon his imagination somewhat, but I must trust to the reader's capacity to discriminate between fact and fiction.

There follow upon the incident narrated above some allusions to the Pilot Boat which are apparently intended to be of a jocose character. These I suppress, as I happen to have come across an old manuscript (endorsed "S.H.B., Q.C.") from which I gather that these allusions are based upon a misconception as to the qualities of this popular and interesting boat. Interesting, not by reason of this present author's references to it, but from the estimate in which it is held by one of the high standing of the gentleman whom, from the initials mentioned above, I take to be the author of the manuscript I have mentioned. From this document I learn, amongst many others, such facts as these :

That, despite all the obloquy which has beaten against it, and the abuse which has been fired at it, the Pilot Boat has never yet been sunk or burnt.

That the cultivation of Spartan qualities receives a healthy stimulus on it, opportunity being given to six or eight to sleep in a space designed for three, whilst, if any preference in that direction is shown, no covering in the way of blankets need be worn, even in the rain, whose descent upon the provisions is cordially welcomed.

That the attachment for her of her crew has sometimes been so great that, though having started for a trip of, say only three days, they have stayed at sea for ten days, and that even when the winds were adverse.]

We now walked in front of the charettes, and, when we arrived at a river whose name I have forgotten, a halt was ordered until they should have caught us up. Here it was that, as we sat enveloped in the smoke of a "smudge," built in honour of the flies, Mr. Cronyn, thinking, perhaps, how certainly the taste for mosquito bites is an acquired one and how equally certainly he had not acquired it, became possessed of the idea of walking on ahead. With what results, we shall see.

The charettes soon reached the spot and on we went, again in front of them, until we came to where the road forked, one prong leading whither we would go, the other to a point on the river, the name of which point I have forgotten. The Captain, fearing that Mr. Cronyn might have taken the wrong path, despatched Moss and Young as a Cronyn Relief Expedition. Meanwhile, the rest of us moved on, and we arrived without

mishap at a point from which the Captain thought a "bee line" might be made to the river. This was done ; and by the river's side we tenderly laid down the pack of rifle and fishing rods, hoping that exertion was for a time at an end. Not so ; the Captain wished to intercept the charettes and, pressing several of us into the service, he set out up the hill. We overlooked and passed beyond the road we had come by, and then the Captain, apparently thinking that otherwise we were not likely to have enough exercise that day, made up his mind not to retrace his steps but to try to strike the road at a higher point.

[Note by the Professor. The author here adds :—"The plan given below will at once show the reader the course taken by us."

Unhappily, however, it cannot be reproduced within the limits of a page of this book.

The only plan that I have seen to which it bears any likeness is Mark Twain's justly celebrated one of Paris, which, if my memory serves me aright, was of such transcendental excellence that a man who, up to the moment of his seeing it had suffered from freckles, had since seeing it suffered from convulsions only. For the curative properties of the author's plan, I have only to say that it has destroyed in me all lingering tuberculous *bacilli* of belief in his capacity as a draughtsman. Those who were present with Mr. Grier on the run, assure me that for unlikeness to the course in fact taken it could not be excelled.]

For my own part, I am unable to dilate upon any feeling of pleasure in that chase. The further we went the less familiar everything seemed to be, and to the "hulloas" of the Captain no answer came. At last, when hope was almost on her death-bed, there came a faint response. The Captain shouted again, and an answering cry came through the woods. With livelier step, we crashed through the undergrowth, and got to the road, after striding along which for a short way, we came across the men who had answered our shout, who proved to be the Cronyn Relief Expedition.

The Captain now had his work cut out for him ! Canoes in one place ; Indians in another ; some of the party in a third ; others of them in a fourth ; the charettes in a fifth ; and the packs, like *fungi*, dotting the

woods. Here we bid farewell to the charettes, and here the party broke up, for all could not go in the canoes. Of the experience of those who took to the river, I cannot say much, but I know that Drake, who was anxious to take all the hard work possible and refused the offer of a stroll through the woods, choosing instead the arduous duty of sitting in a canoe, seemed, when we next met, to have a very faint recollection of the canoe but a very lively one of boulders.

What a "stroll through the woods" we had! From tangled bush to bog: from bog to fallen tree! However, we plodded on, and managed to get to the point on the river's bank where we were to cross. In a few minutes we were on the other side of the river, seated on a delightful bar of sand, which is to be found there.

From this point a portage had to be made. The writer picked up two packs of moderate weight, but, on being advised that he was overtaxing himself, he contented himself with one; as my memory serves me, not the heavier of the two. On reaching his journey's end, he noticed a beautiful slab of rock in the river, bright with the sun. Thither he repaired, but he was soon driven away by the flies. Anxious to share his good fortune with another, the thought occurred to him that it would be pleasant for one of the Cronyn boys if he accompanied the writer to the rock, there to light a "smudge" and to keep it alight, whilst he, the writer, lay in the sun and marked the beauty of the scene. These details are given in order to heighten the picture of his dismay when, on getting back to the others, he found that they had carried a second series of packs whilst he was lying in the sun. Stifling—in a manner becoming to the would-be editor of a new edition of "The Perfect Gentleman," a complete handbook of the usages of Polite Society, price 6d.—his natural chagrin at this lost opportunity to share in an arduous task, the writer watched the others load the canoes for the next stage.

Those of us who walked this stage found that the trees had not been planted for the convenience of walking parties. There were fine avenues for things of the bulk of pins and needles, and of the last perhaps even those of the darning species, but for a man of even moderate regularity in his meals, the trees were crowded.

Food before a hungry man : a frothy tankard at the lips of a thirsty one : land in sight of an ocean traveller—all these things occur to me as I think of our feelings of joy and relief when we came upon the spot where our tents were to be pitched—"Les Erables" !

A few trout were killed, and, in a short while, to the accompaniment of savoury smells of fish and flesh, we were eating and drinking with the zest which only those know who feel that they have earned the right to eat and drink.

To give the black with the white, the shade with the sunlight, it must be told that, before that meal, rumblings of grumbling had been heard ; objections that the rank and file had been kept in the dark all the day as to the precise difficulties to be overcome before Les Erables could be reached ; cynical excuses that perhaps that had arisen from the Captain's being really in the dark himself ; many other kindred surlinesses—all these things had been heard. But the warm suffusion induced by meat and drink dealt insidious but serious blows to our discontent, and the potent narcotic that followed seemed to drug it from dire sickness unto death. Oh ! the joy of smoking after that day of work and annoyance : the pipe, material, a symbol of the one each spirit smoked—the tobacco, in the last, of the brand "Virtuous Consciousness of Something Done !" We built a camp fire, and, as its flames shot up into the black of the night, we renewed our good fellowship in songs and stories. The Captain gave us several, ranging from grave to gay. When he told us the French Canadian story of Cadieux's devotion, awful in the sublimity of the heroism shown, the fitness of the theatre for the drama, the exact appropriateness of the frame for the picture, forced itself so vividly upon us that in very truth the breath of life seemed to have been breathed again into the historic dead. The solitary heights beyond the river loomed on our vision ; our feet ached with those of the alone man seen there ; and something of his agony of soul entered into our own beings.

The general conversation became split up into talk of groups, from that it was broken into a whisper between two, and from that it was shattered into silence, in the quiet of which, the "Good Nights" were said.

The writer could not sleep. The reason was hard to find, for he was tired, all was still, and, as a rule with him, sleep came at his faintest call. But, to-night, she would not come, or, coming, came fitfully only. So, from time to time throughout the night, he enveloped himself in a big overcoat and went out into the open air. The scene was a grand field for the imagination, though imagination was not needed to give it beauty and a charm. The dark woods pressed closely on either side of him and at his back. A mere patch of sand held the tents, whose whiteness in the gloom of the woods gave a ghost-like element to the scene ; nor did the figures, wrapped in blankets, lying by the fitful fire, take from its spectral character. Length of days was so visibly written on the opposing heights that these forms of men seemed rather the frames of the spirits of those who had lived long years before than quick and lively beings.

Before him, and only a few yards away, the river ran with the speed of dignified manhood. Above, there might be the wild leap of boyhood, and, below, the tumbling steps of old age ; but here the masterful strides of man in his prime were seen. On the river's other shore, after a ribbon of sand and trees, a steep hill met his view, which, for the most part was covered with trees, though here and there bare rock showed itself, as though it had pushed its way to the open air, tossing aside the trees in its course. To the right of this hill, stood another, far more sterile and forbidding, and, through the gorge between them, could be seen, in the far away, a roof of darkest blue, studded with stars. Gradually, a sense of the awful grandeur of the scene stole over the writer ; some perception of the littleness of himself and of his kind in such a place. The rest of the camp slept, and he was alone. He peopled the scene with creatures of his mind, whose web of life he tried to weave, but again and again the threads would break and he would be alone. In despair, he turned to a big tree which stood near by the tents, and, despite its contrasting largeness, he seemed to find rest there. He lay beneath it, and, as he lay, he endeavoured to fashion an allegory.

I show it here, but with a great sense of shame at its want of beauty of form, and its incapacity to stand without the prop of kindly judgment.

AN ALLEGORY.

It was given unto each of the dwellers in a certain land that he might plant his inner self as seed in the ground, and this seed would grow in its own strength and way, no matter what his outer self—how fair to view, or ill.

And sometimes men would stay near their own trees, and to some this brought rest, but to others nothing of quiet came. Nor did all the owners look upon their possessions with the same regard, and not the least surprising thing to be noted in this land was, that, oftentimes, a tree, misshapen and stunted, and lacking all beauty, was had in honour by its owner, whilst his neighbour mourned for the weakness and formlessness of a tree not to be shamed by a curling wave, for strength and symmetry.

But at other times men would seek rest and the cool near the trees of others.

And one sowed his seed, and, ere, many days had passed, a great tree was seen of all. It shot up into the blue, and such others of the dwellers in the land as saw this growth had it for an example to them. Yet many went not near it, but stood away and said "This is a wondrous tree, but "we know there can no shade be found beneath it, for no such tree could "have lowly boughs and leaves that near the ground." And they kept their eyes fixed on the tree's high top. But some said "We will go and "see, for we would rest there." And when they had come to the tree, they found that, where they had thought there were no boughs, great boughs grew, and that the leaves that neared the earth were like a cloud of flying birds for multitude. They found, also, that the trunk of the tree was itself of such great girth that many men might rest in the shade of it alone, safe from the cruel noon, and at peace from the wrecking wind. So that it came to pass in that land that, when a man stood out from his fellows for majesty of mind, it was not counted as a sign of barren heart.

The writer was so appalled at the feebleness of his handiwork, that he hurried from the splendid roof of the royal night, and lay down beneath the humble cover of the tent.

Later, when he came out, the day was throwing its quakerish cloak over the mountain shoulders of the earth.

Later, it flung its golden mantle, but, before the fringe of this had touched the tents, the camp was awake and the writer was no longer alone.

[*Note by the Professor.* I have cut out the account of the Cronyn Relief Expedition, which followed here. The author naively states that he himself is in doubt as to what the respective proportions were of the following ingredients, of which he admits that the account was compounded:—Fact; imagination of Young; and imagination of the writer himself.

That the reader may know something of its general style, I give a short excerpt.

“On arrival at the river's side, Young and Moss found Mr. Cronyn, and, at the same time, were witnesses of a striking illustration of the capacity of the civilized man to hide his emotions under all circumstances; for, when they set eyes on the lost camper, he was calmly proceeding to fish, apparently unconscious of the perils around him on every side, and forgetful of the fact that he was alone in those ‘darkest’ wilds. Nor had he allowed his anxiety to age him. Some twenty-seven minutes had elapsed since he had last been with his fellows, and yet he now looked but half an hour older, so that three minutes—and the true explanation may have been the destruction by the atmosphere of the lustre of the mosquito oil, but, waiving the right to make use of such an explanation—three minutes, I say, composed the whole period of time imprinted upon his countenance in excess of that accounted for by Young's Waterbury.

“On the way Young and Moss had practised a salutation *de deux*, to be used in the event of their finding Mr. Cronyn, until their rehearsal was of so perfect a character as to induce from Moss the remark, ‘Let it go at that!’

“When they met the wanderer it went ‘at that’, as, standing side by side in military fashion, toes out, left arms down, right hands saluting, they said in solemn tones—one tenor, the other bass—‘Mr. Cronyn, I presume!’ To which, all unmoved and, as the rescuers told me afterwards, ‘as though he were the victim of a relief expedition every day,’ he replied, ‘Messieurs McGregor Young and Francis Moss, I believe!’ “Tableau.”]

CHAPTER III.

THE keeping of a daily journal has literary objections all its own, the inclusion of stereotyped remarks appearing to be, at all events at first blush, so much a matter of necessity. I speak, of course, from the point of view of art. From that of ease, the case is vastly different. Indeed, forms might be printed, with here and there such expressions as "the next morning," "on the following day," "the sun rose, etc." Possibly there are many artistic methods of doing away with these, but they do not occur to me, and, even if they did, I might not make use of them.

[*Note by the Professor.* The author goes on to liken these expressions spoken of to milestones, but he mixes up the tear and the laugh in a manner as reckless as that distinguishing many others of his remarks, which, for the very fault I am now discussing, I have suppressed.

Listen to him: "A milestone! How much of humanity it conjures up; so that the stone, however crude in form, is not out of place even in country roads where the exquisite tracery of real leaves is seen (the eyes of the wayfarer raised to the trees), and the not less exquisite of the mimic ones (the eyes of the wayfarer lowered to the sun-shot floor). The humanity? It lies in this thought:—'Here, other feet have ached!'

"Courage, reader, then! Others have had to toil along this weary road. I, to them, as well as to you, the guide. I, with my life and a stick of chocolate (brand 'Hope.' May I offer you some?) in my hand."]

Saturday morning. Very early Mr. S. H. Blake was on the alert, more than ready to be off to keep his Sunday appointments at Murray Bay. There had been a rumour the day before that he had expatiated upon the comforts of a trip in the pilot boat as compared with that day's journeying to Les Erables. Immediately after breakfast, he and Mr. Cassels started on their return journey. With them went also the two Cronyn boys, who, by their unfailing pluck and endurance, had won the applause of all their elders.

The Captain then began to prepare for the Falls Expedition, but it soon became evident that it could not set forward that day. Amongst other difficulties, one of the birch bark canoes had been so seriously injured that the mending of it was not to be avoided.

Would that I could describe Nicolas' mending of the canoe. It was an incident not unworthy of a poet. It revived all the ideal notions of what the Indian was in the older days, when his canoe was the only means by which the waters of this continent were traversed, when he whose hands were deft, whose feet had speed, was accounted great amongst his fellows. For the task in hand, Nicolas could get from our stores an instrument with which to punch in the bark the needed holes, and pitch to finish his work with ; but, for all else, he had to seek the woods. The charm of the occasion lay in the directness of thought and action, for, here, you had a man who could do, and do well, what he had been set to do. No empty puzzlement was to be seen in his face, resulting in hesitancy, or, in that worse than hesitancy, the speedy doing of something, and as speedy an undoing of that done.

A near tree gave him the bark to stand in the stead of the broken portion. Out of other growths he quickly fashioned strong withes with some of which to lace the bark in its place ; whilst, by splitting others of them, he made the needed thread to do the finer work. With slash of knife, he cut away the old and wounded flesh ; with other cuts, he shaped the new and healthy, which, with dexterous hand, he sewed in the place of that thrown away, and then the canoe was sane again.

And to watch him as he did it ; big of bulk ; strong of nerve ; with eyes alert, and the whole man possessed of one idea ! At times he would stand erect, doing nothing you would think, unless you looked at his face, but the next minute you had learnt what the quiet meant, by the decided action which followed. The painter had revelled in the capable movements of his hands, which kept at their work even when, from time to time, he uttered friendly jokes or cried aloud for very merriment.

A kodak was tried, but there was too little light for the purpose. I, too, have utterly failed in this attempted sketch.

Whilst this canoe was being mended, Moss was paddling up the river in another. He was apparently trying how near he could get to the rapids

immediately above the camp, but, in a few minutes, the canoe was seen floating down the river, bottom upwards, and we beheld Moss swimming for the opposite shore, paddle in mouth. Quick as a flash Nicolas had run to the water's edge, and had taken a third canoe in pursuit of the overturned one, which was drifting towards the rapids below the camp. With a few strokes of the paddle, he came up to it, and then, as though the feat were a trifling one, he lifted the canoe out of the water and set it on its keel, after which he put it in tow of the one he was in, and paddled gaily back, looking like a soldier with a prisoner of war.

During the day a discussion arose as to the height of the hill opposite to the camp, and it was determined to test the question with the aneroid. Before, however, we started to climb, each man was asked to give his estimate of the height, and a small "pool" was made up.

The pool arranged, and the Captain having taken the bearings with his compass, we set out to climb the hill; the "we," in this case, consisting of the Captain, Moss, Law, Sam. Blake, and the Historian. I ought long ago to have stated that a small river whose name I have forgotten (its *soubriquet* was "the cold stream"), ran into the Murray a little below the camp, and on the opposite shore. To set things out in exact array:—We were paddled across the Murray; waded across the cold stream; and began the ascent of the hill. The walking was enjoyable, as the trees grew so near to one another that they could be put to use as a balustrade, with the result that our arms got more exercise than our legs, whose task was as easy as that of walking on the level. By skilful tactics the Captain avoided a deep gully, which seemed at one time to be our inevitable fate, and, after a short spell of steady walking, we came out of the gloom of the trees into the light of the open. From this point we had a variety of experiences. Now a stretch of soft spongy ground, now a bluff of rock, next a belt of wooded land, and again the open. From our second resting place, and from other points which we stopped at, we could see the camp, and in all the pride of our accomplishment our hulloas were shouted down to the stay-at-homes.

We passed the point which we had seen from the camp and got on to a plateau not far above it. Alas! arrived there, we found that there towered beyond us another ridge of the hill—a Pelion upon our Ossa! The Captain was generous enough to offer to wait where we then were, whilst those who would climbed the greater height, but we met his

generosity *with* generosity, and declined to impose upon his good nature. We descended to the highest point which we had seen from the camp, and there erected a cairn in honour of our ascent. In some future age, when there shall be a formula for each of the emotions, and men shall have only numbers to mark their entities, Numbers 5a and 101x and 102x [Section A, Subsection I, North America] may come across this spot, and, urged by emotion *mn*, lift these stones. Great their wonder when they find the names recorded there on a small slip of paper, and keen their discussion upon the days when men were individualities, and Good and Evil were considered to be things differing in kind. In anticipation I hear the intense pity of young 101x and 102x for us "who lived in those dark ages:" a pity which knows no bounds until 5a, an aged man, begins, with a sudden light in his dimmed eyes and a nervous twitching of his knotted hands, to speak of "those good old days."

After the cairn was in position, the brilliant thought occurred to Law and the Historian to roll large stones down the hill. Each effort resulted in failure, until, finally, a master stroke was attempted. Sweat of brow, bending of back, tension of muscles, strain of nerves and quickening of breath: all these things entered into the lugging of a giant amongst his fellows to a likely "coign of vantage." A mighty shove, and the stone has started. This one we shall see bounding down the hillside, heedless of opposing rock or thickset bush! Woe is me that I must tell the tale! As it had been brought from a longer distance than any of the other stones, so did it roll a shorter. In this instance, a yard of dragging gave an inch of tumble.

What a scurry we had down the hill, tumbling, running, slipping, sliding and tobogganing! Lest any misconception arise as to the meaning of the last word here, it may be said that the amusement was indulged in without any extraneous help in the shape of lengths of wood. Our garments alone were between us and the steep stretches of turf or rock down which we slid with shout of joy and wear of trousers. The sartorial profession in Toronto have, for this, to thank Mr. Thomas Law, whose fertile brain seemed to teem with resources that day. It was a royal descent we made of that hill, though lacking in things ceremonial, and, like kings returned from a victorious fight, we entered the camp and recounted our deeds of prowess.

It was during this day that Mackenzie proved himself an inventor of the highest rank. It was on this wise :—After the fatigues of the day before, he lay in the grateful shade all day, and he pillowed his head at the base of the big tree, from which his body and legs extended like spokes from the centre of a wheel. The Patent was the Tree-Man Sundial. Young must share the honors with Mackenzie, for he it was who saw the use to which the latter might be put. There was no need to ask what o'clock it was at any given time, for Mackenzie moved round the base of the tree in concert with the sun, whose rays he wished to avoid, so that a man could tell the time of day from the place where of his legs. If the sweet chronicles of the Kodak were read, might it not be learned how he looked when he had traversed but a small portion of the dial's face! But I dwell not upon that, save to regret my inability to describe the sweet sense of rest which seemed to permeate his whole being through all his length of leg.

That night we had at the camp fire Young's "Buck Billy Goat," my memory of which dates from the first night of the expedition and lives yet. The rich, fat, unctuous humour of the song, rolled out by Young, seized us! The proud possessor of the noble animal stood before us; with her we gloried in his noble qualities of body and mind and heart, and with her we wailed for his loss. Oh! that wail! All the emotion of the Irish heart was crowded into it, and, hearing it, life became as nothing to us, the "Buck Billy Goat" having died. Tears of life to thee, Young, if for no other purpose, to sing that song, noble in sentiment transcendental in thought!

[*Note by the Professor.*—The Author, flagrantly egotistical as he is throughout the whole book, becomes so distressingly so in his account of the installation of himself as Historian, that I have run my pen through it. He first enlarges upon some trifling incident of the presentation by him of pieces of wedding cake to his fellow campers in the wilderness, calling it "Stocktonesque for incongruity"; and then proceeds with the installation. I might have inserted it, but for his having, in effect, labelled it "fiction," by writing that "after he had been duly appointed Historian, he thanked "them for the honour done to him, in a few *well-chosen and graceful* "words!"']

CHAPTER IV.

THE next day was Sunday, but, as may be gathered from the story of the Falls Expedition (where the course of conduct now to be spoken of is defended by arguments hardly to be met) it had been determined the day before to transpose Saturday and Sunday, and in accordance with that change, the Captain and his band set out. Mr. Cronyn and Young—under the care of Dumont—went with them to see the glories of the “dead water” above the camp, and Rose and I were, therefore, left alone.

Perhaps our inner life was eventful that day; certainly, our outer was not.

Rose made several ineffectual efforts to catch some trout, fish which are absent from those parts in great numbers, but the melancholy of his failures grew so great upon us that finally I suggested that the day should be devoted to the preparation of savoury meals and to their consumption.

Some griefs cannot be told, nay some can scarcely be alluded to, but one of this latter and more terrible class I must now—no matter at what cost to my feelings—mention. Stay, I cannot yet: perhaps I never shall be able to; assuredly, for the present, I cannot. Let a farce precede the tragedy!

During my residence in the woods, it had been my wont, at times, to roam the trackless wilds, habited in an engaging suit of Pyjamas modestly covered by an enormous overcoat kindly lent to me by Mr. L. R. O'Brien, R. C. A. The beauties of my suit must have aroused the envy of a fellow camper, for, as I sat idly numbering the fish which Rose was not catching, my eye was attracted by a small piece of paper which lay crumpled on the ground, not far from me, and, on smoothing it out on my knee, I managed to decipher the following:—

I've hunted buffalos and bears,
 I've captured elephants in snares,
 I've shot at tigers in their lairs,
 I've slaughtered llamas.

When thus beyond Dame Grundy's ken,
 I've worn the garb of sporting men,
 And sometimes, (I've looked lovely then!)
 The smock of farmers.

But never in my wildest mood,
 However low my wardrobe stood,
 Have I arrayed me in the rude,
 Though gay, Pyjamas!

My consolation was then, as it is now, that the wealth of malice prompting the lines is equalled only by their own poverty.

Now for the tragedy. Expectant, eager, a-tip-toe in its honour, Rose and I went to the larder for the bacon. It was GONE! No, I over-estimated my strength of mind. I cannot speak of its loss, but must refer you to the Captain's narrative. It was not his loss, and he can speak it. A. can make B's corns the footing for an anecdote, provoking laughter; but, for B. himself, he holds them as a secret of his soul. So with Rose and myself and the bacon.

Falling back (almost literally, as well as in figure, so great was our grief) upon the pork and potatoes, we set to work to make what we could of them. The potatoes were a success. From the pork we tried to make soup. That was *not* a success. The endeavour was to concoct a rich thick liquid, but thicken it would not. From pot to pan we poured it; from pan to plate. The hours sped on, the sun ran its course, and, in the light of its dying rays, brilliant in death, as they fell upon our out-poured handiwork, my companion and I read our fate. There were *baths* of liquid; indeed, had it been, like a certain soap, "matchless for the complexion," we might have swum in it and put the rose to the blush for our beauty. But soap it was not, nor was it soup, and, as the sun sank, leav-

ing the fatty particles (which had been floating, glorious and scintillating on the top of the liquid, each particle a gem) to dull in their native want of light, robbed of the shimmer of the splendid sun, our hearts sank also, and we sat enwrapped in gloom.

We were aroused from our grief by Mr. Cronyn and Young, who told us, in moving language, of the glories of their day.

That night we sang hymns as we lay in the tent, and the majestic silence of the night sounded like an accompaniment. Amongst our hymns we echoed that heart's cry "Lead, Kindly Light," not knowing that "the morn" had almost dawned for him who wrote the words, who was to die within the span of a day.

CHAPTER V.

ON Monday morning, Rose and I started off with Dumont to go up the "dead water," leaving Mr. Cronyn and Young in charge of the camp.

When, from time to time, the thought has occurred to me that it was my duty, as Historian of the camp, to attempt a description of the scenery of the "dead water" region, I have been appalled at the contemplation of my unfitness for such a task. I have felt that all I could try to do was to act as the painter acts when he comes across a *motif* of such worth and beauty in his eyes that he abandons, until the conditions of opportunity and of a feeling of fitness kiss, the idea of a completed work, and contents himself with "impressions" which, however crude they may seem to others, have for him a value, since they serve the purpose of calling up the scene before him, to the present delight of his eye and to the inspiriting of him for the future and more serious work. But I am relieved from all responsibility in the matter, as the reader may for his enjoyment read the Captain's description (I have already read it for mine) and so pass with him along those waters of delight.

I have only to say that that glorious region is still near to me. If petty worries come, and the sordid in life presses too keenly upon me, I can escape to that realm, and again move on the surface of that stream, loved of me, and loved of the suitor trees upon its banks : again watch with awe the lonely giant heights, quiet in strength : again look to their very tops to find there a roof of blue : and again, with humbled eye, look upon the ground, and, for a reward, find the rival 'counterfeit presentment.' Yes, again become the darling of Nature, cradled upon the tide, and with a matchless fairy book held open for the joy and wonder of my soul.

I cannot express myself. I might as well attempt to portray a face I loved. Let the use by me of such a simile serve to open my heart's door wide enough for a peep within.

When we had reached the amphitheatre described in the Captain's narrative, we landed on a bed of boulders hard by the rapids, and Rose endeavoured to catch the nimble trout, but without success. The Historian then tried his hand, and a fine figure he cut in that inspiring scene ! His wonder then was and still is that some dire fate, such as destruction by a boulder hurled at him from the heights by a giant guardian of their sanctity, did not overtake him. He had doffed some of his garments, which had got wet from the water shipped in the rapids, and had placed them to dry in the sun, and there he stood with flying drapery, flippancy in its every fold, casting his line. No serious elder trout would be caught by such a fisherman, and even the child trout but laughed him to scorn, as he snapped at the fly and then mockingly swam away.

The delights of the home journey may be gathered from the Captain's narrative : the royal travelling on the quiet waters with more majestic movement than was ever Queen's on barge with banks of rowers : the mad ecstasy of the rioting rapids ! Who shall describe these last ! Just before entering a rapid, Dumont would stand in the stern to "view the land," and then, when he was again kneeling, "steady" was the word. A moment later, and we are in the swirl. It threatens to dash us on a rock, but Dumont holds the canoe almost motionless until he sees a pathway. Down it we go, and every now and then we pass over a "black rock," barely covered by water. And now a worse eddy catches us, and we seem like a toy in its hands, a toy to be tossed about until the pitiless waters, tired of their plaything, throw it against the two rocks which stand on either side of a narrow passage to the quiet beyond, a passage which invites the luckless traveller, only to mock him when he reaches the unbending rocks between which there is no room for his light craft. We must try to turn. No, Dumont is urging us to the death ! With nervous strokes we are shot towards the rocks. There is no more to be done or said : this is the end ! Not so, the path is just wide enough, but the margin is so narrow that the very canoe quivers with affright. With a last convulsive movement we pass between the guardian stones, and then a wild "Hurrah !" louder even than the noise of the disappointed waters, breaks from our lips as we leap into the friendly calm.

The running of the rapids that day had an element of grim humour in it, as Dumont addressed passengers, rapids, canoe and rocks, in turn and all in French, so that poor Rose and I knew not what to do, and, as a consequence, erred as to each command to us. Happily, the canoe understood him, and obeyed him without faltering.

On our return to the camp we found Mr. Cronyn and Young sound in wind and limb.

Rose and I had drunk our fill of happiness that day, and we slept the sleep which only that intoxicant-narcotic can give, deep but healthful.

A. M. G.

CHAPTER VI.

THE historian insists that a record of the happenings at camp on Monday the Eleventh day of the month, and the third of our tarrying at Les Erables, should be furnished, and by me.

My manifold political and professional duties so completely engage my attention that I despair of being able to find sufficient time to faithfully perform the task thus assigned to me, and I rejoice, therefore, to discover among a precious package of letters returned to me under distressing circumstances not unknown to the readers of this history, one which appears to deal with the very day in hand.

This, with proper apologies to all concerned, I beg to submit.

LES ERABLES, August 11th, 1830.

MY DEAREST SAMANTHA.

The statement in your precious letter of the first instant, that you are worried by a longing to fly to my side, gives me great concern. Although I have never longed to fly to any great extent, I can readily understand how disheartening and irksome the chronic longing must be to one who can't fly well. Moreover, Samantha, it is going to be a hard case for you to reach my side if you select any other means of transit, and if you don't fly, I fear that you are booked for a gaudy passage out. It is possible to take canoe to Les Erables, but you don't take canoe as you take Steamboat or Pullman or medicine, but you take it firmly by the forward end and drag it up several miles of rapids on your hands and knees. I prefer my hardships dry and so elected for the overland route, which a gentleman in the far village who had made a careful study of the map of the Province of Quebec recommended as a pleasant jaunt along the river's edge. The distance of the last portage he fixed at "deux milles et un bout,"—"bout," as we discovered, being the French fiction for miles and miles of underbrush and brulé, which the gentleman didn't hesitate to throw in by way of good measure. I don't suppose that you have ever run

across much brulé in your time, and I feel at a loss for language which will begin to convey to the uninitiated the full force of the horror of brulé in a state of nature. Mr. Hugh Rose of our expedition defines it as a landslide of telegraph poles, which is correct enough from the picturesque standpoint, but if you desire detailed information I shall be pleased to send you an expurgated edition of "Mackenzie on Brulé," which is, by all odds, the most interesting, instructive and exhaustive treatise on the subject extant.

I doubt if any of us will ever forget the eventful incidents of that home-stretch through the bush. To begin with, the keenness of our craving for an afternoon's ramble in the wilderness had been blunted by a ten miles tramp through decently stiff country regularly scheduled in the bill of the play as introducing the entire company, to which every member of the troupe had added some little private number of more or less length and excitement. Mr. Cronyn wandered off and got lost. Frank Moss and I wandered off and found him—four miles to each wander, according to the laws of that game. Meantime, Willie Blake put the boys through the Sir Roger de Coverley in a nice restful jungle on the hillside, looking for the charettes which were following around after them. Tommie Law, who objects to country dances, is prepared to make his declaration that all hands would have been circling around there yet had not an observation by Sammy Blake as to the striking similarity of the stumps in that section of the country led up to an investigation, which showed that they had passed the same stump fourteen times.

I suppose you remember Frankie Drake—big, hulking, ugly chap, that looks like a shantyman. Frankie has a good many of the instincts of the true woodman, and held out from the firs in the face of general scorn and insult, that there was something altogether too circular in this steeplechase to suit the tastes of a gentleman who dearly loves to make every step tell in the straight direction of his destination. On the one hand, he had a fixed belief in his conviction that he would make as much in the road to Les Erables by climbing a tree and sliding down again as by joining in the race, while, on the other, there were the dismal truths that seven men stand a better chance of licking a

bear than one man, and that the dews of Kilmarnock moved with the procession. So Frankie marched against his better judgment and to no purpose, with the result that when we eventually sighted the river, the relief expedition having now rejoined the main body, he rebelled against the order to the land forces to make for a point two miles up the river and took a stowaway passage in a canoe. After a series of upsets averaging two spills to a hundred yards, the exigencies of traffic compelled the tender-hearted canoeist to dump his passenger out upon the nearest boulder, whence, after many harrowing experiences and hair-breadth escapes, the crafty duckling managed to overtake the rest of the party at the foot of the last portage.

A hundred yards from the start, here, one gallant footman announced his fiftieth tumble and refused to advance another step except upon the terms of my holding his hand. This unsolicited honor piled on to the privilege of packing 90 pounds of pork, filled my programme up to the extra—extras and hardened my heart to the miseries of my fellow travellers, yet I must confess that I was deeply touched when the mighty Mackenzie,—“the nice” Mackenzie,—invited me into a brush heap where the tinware had pinned him on the broad of his back and begged me to be one of his pallbearers. Andy Thompson thoughtfully struck up “Scots wha hae,” and whether it was the singing or the sentiment, before he had got well set in the second verse, Mac was out of the thicket and off for Les Erables in great hops like a crazy kangaroo with a slapback of branches in his wake that a Gatling gun would be a toy to. Hugo, Chief Baron Rose, is not a swift man in *brulé*. It would need a stout heart to stand the sight of him on the top of a fallen log nursing his knees and swearing he had blazed a trail with his shin bones that a child could follow. However, all things have an end, and, glory to the saints, so had the last portage, and here we are at headquarters as cozy and snug as if there wasn't a flaw in the asphalt pavement from here to Murray Bay.

Les Erables is a desirable locality for immigrants, bounded on the north by the Aurora Borealis, on the south by the Murray river and on the east and west by the trackless forests and blueberries. The business centre is a stranded sand bar twenty-seven feet long by nine-

teen wide, with a splendid water front on the river, which here, after an ugly chunk of rapid broadens out into a quiet pool, where, tradition has it, the salmon once came in thousands.

You are not troubled with mosquitos at Les Erables unless you climb a tree, for space being limited and the specific gravity of the French black fly being greater than that of the French mosquito, the black fly gets the first flat. Sand-flies have the fee simple of the ground floor, but kindly Mother Nature chains them up by day and only turns them loose at night. Sand-flies are joky little lads and so energetic and active that it would be hard to resist a fondness for them if their presence didn't convey the sensations of a small-pox patient breaking in a job lot of underclothing. Black flies, too, work on strict time and are under Union rules with a Factory act, and when the blood-red sun, as he sinks to rest, kindles the mighty mountain tops with flames of glory, you don't rejoice in the blood-red sun nor yet in the flames of glory, but in the gladsome departure of the tuneless fly and the change to the songful mosquito.

Our Historian says—yes, my dearie, we have a real live Historian (and never mind what he says) with note books and pencils and all the orthodox material for a History except information. He has been making up to me lately and I have promised to help him distinguish dead water from rapids, and to loan him some squibs of mine own which deal in pretty measure with "morning mists" and "quickenings day" and other like essentials of later-day Odysseys in consideration of an extra copy of his narrative, whence you may gather particulars of my movements since the mourning maidens watched our departure from the Mille Roches veranda. His jurisdiction, unfortunately, is limited to the recording what is present to his senses, and in his absence from the camp to-day, it falls upon your treasure to tell his Samantha how the treasure has passed the day.

You will bear in mind that, according to the original arrangements, seven of our number were to push on up the river in search of waterfalls, and that four of us were to be left behind as the Les Erables home-guard. On the morning fixed for their start, there was a general clamor for some thoroughly reliable man to help the expedition over the difficulties of the first day, and, as I am considered no corpse with

a paddle and some pumpkins in the bush, there was great rejoicing when I volunteered to take Mr. Cronyn and Dumont in the spare canoe and to see the party safely landed in easy country. Great indeed was our reward, for I look back upon yesterday as the most delightful outing of my life, and when the day comes that I can name before it, that day will I be drawing from bounteous Fortune more than my services in the workshop of life will ever have earned.

Fired by our glowing reports of the glories of the trip, Grier and Rose have arranged to cover the same ground to-day, and thus are we left alone with our sand-bar and our sand.

The Voyageurs departed, I nominate, second, elect and swear in Mr. Cronyn as First Minister of the Bailiwick, with power to add to his numbers, but, such the ingratitude of potentates, he scorns the saving clause and names me Cook to the Privy Council, *vice* Olivier Dumont, left limits, as his sole official act for the day.

Whatever my shortcomings in the technical requirements of the position, I fancy the eternal fitness of things was less jostled by my appointment than that of my lamented predecessor. The spectacle of the noble aborigine on the river or in the woods completely unhitches our Poet and lands him into a shadowy kingdom of romance, where no one beneath the degree of a special blend Knickerbocker Indian in good standing has any business to live, while some of the most respectable of us take on about dusky maidens and savage chieftains and how we would dote on a little tomahawking with tomahawks until a poor civilized outcast that has been brought up to three meals a day off plates, doesn't know where to hide his head for very shame of himself. Yet, the Poet freely admits that the entire history of the North American Indians from Pocahontas to Jane Snake, can't produce a halo that will fit on Dumont peeling potatoes. Sentiment, however, out of the question, I can't believe that in my quaintest humors *qua* cook I am much more deadly than Dumont. What I don't know about cookery would make as large and useful a book as Mrs. Godey's own, but, whenever Mr. Dumont swerves from the narrow path of making cold water hot it is an experiment for him and a disaster for the company.

And now, out in your world, Samantha, Demand has long since pitched

his castor into the ring for the battle of the day—a hot favorite. Supply is but beginning to depart from the strict defensive, and the rattle and crash of the machinery of existence make sweet music for those who like it. With us, Supply is secure in yonder greasy sack, and Demand is an easy-going fellow inclined to peaceful ways.

The glory of a fair summer day is upon us, and the Emperor hits the correct chord in the constitution of his loving subjects when he hangs out a bulletin for a national swim.

The cook has long had a sneaking suspicion that the weakness of a swimmer against a current is unduly magnified, so he goes in for a private rehearsal in a convenient eddy whence, after a series of gentle caresses from the boulders in the nearest shoal, he emerges with a strong sense of the injustice of his doubt. There, if you like, is a matter I can't make out—where these nice, velvety looking boulders keep their fangs and claws. You get into a little flirtation with a drowned rock that looks as harmless as a sofa-cushion, and, before you have had time to pray for your enemy who is enjoying the struggle from the bank, you are as badly gouged and pummelled as if you had run foul of a paper-mill.

His Excellency doesn't smoke and so loses some of the delights of the sun-bath which follows, but he is happy enough with tackle to mend and the prospects of a go at a salmon who is doing lonely penance in the Les Erables pool.

Of course there is talk,—quiet, earnest talk in keeping with the surroundings, and the younger man is glad to unbosom his hopes and ideals in exchange for the certainties and experiences of the older.

Great banks of blue-rimmed clouds drift lazily across the mountain tops and put the camp in shade—a gentle breath arises from the cool water at our feet—to the murmurs of the distant rapid the swirl of the waters about the boulder that marks the beginning of the pool keeps perfect harmony, and the cook accepts the invitation and goes to sleep.

When I awake I find Mr. Cronyn patiently casting in front of the camp, but, as he has had no sign of a rise, he decides to cross over to his favorite ground on the other side of the pool and extend a polite invitation to His Lordship the salmon to come out and be slugged. And then, in its full force, flashes upon us the mournful fact that our only spare canoe is up

the river with the explorers for the day, and that it is as hopeless for the fisherman to get across the stream at the fish as to expect the fish to come up into camp at the fisherman.

With the exception of a few clear feet facing the camp, our side of the river is so thickly covered down to the water's edge with a tangled mass of shrubs and bushes, that throwing a fly here seems out of the question. To make our humiliation complete, our sad plight must have struck the salmon at about the same time, for he makes his first appearance for the day, leaps, splashes and capers around as if he didn't care a continental for all the fishermen that ever heaved a line. I counsel Mr. Cronyn not to mind the taunts of an illiterate salmon, and, for my own part, am willing to forego the privilege of a hot day's fishing in a pool demonstrated by painful experience (the salmon always excepted) to be as pure from the contamination of fish as a hardware store ; still, as he appears in genuine distress at the present turn of affairs, I organize a volunteer corps and place it at his disposal for any suggested solution of the dilemma.

"Can you chop wood?" says he, the joy flashing into his face and fading away again like the incandescent lights when you monkey with the works.

"Try me," says I, knowing that there wasn't the shadow of an axe in the next four concessions.

"Can you saw it?" says he. "Can I smoke a pipe?" says I, marveling how that could hurt the salmon.

"Then you're the doctor for my complaint," says he, and with that he hauled out of a dunnage bag a sickly looking plaything of a saw about the length of a penhandle and not quite as sharp.

"Fall to at the forest with that," he cries, pirouetting and dancing for very glee that he could have the life of that fish.

And then, I perceived that what he meant was that with that toy I was to cut and clear away the brush and bushes, so that he might get a cast from a perfect darling of a point directly opposite his beloved spot across the water.

Well, by dint of breaking and kicking and biting and using the saw in the easy places, it wasn't very long before we had made such headway

that an expert could put out quite a decent bit of line, and Mr. Cronyn was soon at it, hammer and tongs, with both hands to his rod like a lancer.

I am told off as a reserve, under orders as soon as we go into action with the enemy, to come out of ambush and gaff him. Although I have at this moment no clear idea whether you gaff a salmon with a club or egg sauce, I know that after you have succeeded in getting personal service on him, he is entitled to go as far up as surrebutter, and has to be headed off in slathers of technical objections and demurrers before he joins issue with the gaff-man; so I welcome the promotion, and am glad to stand around with a landing-net and look picturesque.

The landing-net I imagine was a bit of a mistake, for the sight of it induces Mr. Cronyn to remark that this isn't a hunt for tadpoles, and to express his fears that if the salmon doesn't walk ashore or die of heart disease when he hooks him, there isn't much danger of his getting dusty on land. But if this particular fish is concerned with the fears of death, he doesn't give out many signs of it, for he is playing Puss in a Corner, and Ring around Rosy, and Who'll be my Nancy Jane, with an occasional hitch and kick at a dragon-fly between games, until we both feel that we must maim him somehow, just to take the conceit out of him and to teach him the proper respect for skilled assassins of his kind.

I am an avenging spirit forthwith, and beg for the privilege of giving some assistance in the cause; whereupon Mr. Cronyn graciously permits me to try my hand at a little more clearing, it being manifest that we need a longer line to get into the fish's territory. I go back to the bush-whacking with a better grace than I began—prepared if needs be, to transform the wilderness into a tennis court, yet overwhelmed with the conviction that if the tackle gets foul of the bushes, I forfeit the esteem of a gentleman I love.

I am charmed to find that, as I break my way in, the thicket gets thinner, and it is like a receipted bill to me to see at each cast the fly working back more and more and dropping farther and farther out in the pool. Once, an extra long throw fetches up with a sickly jerk, but, as an impatient pull bears off a little strip of flesh along with the Parmachene Belle, I am glad and proud that the fly has caught in *me*, and that there is no stain upon my handiwork.

I must make cracking bait, for the very next cast the salmon leaves

off his calisthenics, and begins to be interested in the red-chested fly that is peppering around and all about him. "You're my Jerusha," thinks he, and as Belle and I gracefully quiver down at the edge of a sloping sand-bar on the far side of the river—Mother of Moses!—the animals roar—the band hits in—up goes the curtain—the whole three rings are ablaze with light and life—and the Greatest Show on Earth—one admission to every tent—has struck the town with both feet and a home run.

Mr. Cronyn insists now that he sang out some cool and unimpassioned directions, but banish me from your tenderness if I heard aught but the hum of the reel, the splash of the waters, and a yell which nearly dislocated my tonsils.

At all events, when I have scrambled down to the water's edge, Mr. Cronyn is sitting in the river as limp and purposeless as the flyless line that is drifting on the water in front of him, and the salmon is heading for the St. Lawrence with something in his ugly jaw that will keep him from caramels for many a long day.

It had been as we feared—the trout tackle could not withstand the rushes of a twenty-five-pound fish, and, at his second leap, he parted the line at a weak joint in the cast. As I reel in and take down the rod, I give my version of the fray, which, as I had seen none of it, perhaps inclines rather to the graphic than the accurate, yet as it fairly bristles with savage leaps and dashes for freedom, it has been pronounced orthodox by all parties interested, and I promise Mr. Cronyn no little fame and renown from our subsequent narration thereof.

Great stickler for truth, is Mr. Cronyn. I offered him two dozen leaps and thirty minutes' play, with a dreadful accident to break any part of the machinery he would name at the end, if he would but consent to let me appear in a reasonably prominent place in the picture, but never a bit of him would give in (between you and me, I believe he expects to get back at that fish to-morrow), and here am I, your hero, Samantha, face to face with the humiliation that in this "sport of kings," the part I play is fiddling away with a knife and fork at a brush heap, with my back to it—the sport, not the brush heap—bad luck to it.

(The conclusion of this letter was, at no time of interest to any other than the recipient, and alas, now, not even to her.)

J. McG. Y.

CHAPTER VII.

OF Tuesday, two things must be told:—the marvellous climb of Young and the Historian, and the Adventures of Mr. Cronyn with the Salmon.

Surfeited with the peaceful calm of the camp, Young and the Historian became possessed of a mad desire to ascend the opposite height (which, from the number of views taken whilst we were on it, Sam Blake had fitly christened "Kodak Hill") to its very top. As the occasion required the very strongest of boots, the Historian put on probably the weakest pair of shoes in the world.

We rested at the cairn and tried to map out our course to the height beyond, a task made somewhat difficult by reason of our having no compass. After a stretch of open, there lay before us a broad belt of trees, girdling the mountain, and, beyond that, stood a steep hill, which did not offer many pathways to the desired top.

When we reached the belt of trees, we found that it was in fact a wooded valley, and we had to make a considerable descent before we could begin to climb up. The difficulty of our walk through the woods was not lessened in any way by our avoidance of anything like a beaten track, for fear that it might lead to a bear's residence. The sight of some diminutive animal when we had come a short way up the hill had added to the tension of poor Young's nerves, and I was glad that he had the robust courage of the Historian to watch, and, watching, to gain heart from, as we trod that lonely way.

[*Note by the Professor.* I have here cut out a portion of the story in which the Author discourses upon the subject of "various paths leading to one goal." It is hard not to call him a liar. He gravely states that he is afraid that in concerting with Young, in the avoidance of bears, he has laid his conduct open to a misconception, as the general public will incline to the opinion that, in his case, as in Young's, fear was the controlling

power, the fact being that, whilst undoubtedly this was so in Young's case, what weighed with the Historian was the fact that they had brought no visiting cards, which he considered that out of bare civility they ought to leave. And, then, as though after all he might not be believed, he states that this can be corroborated by Young, to whom he spoke on the subject at the time.]

The rocks were not very easy to scale, and Young began to grow dizzy, but he pluckily held on his way. When we were on the point of reaching the top, Young, on a sudden, to my horror said :—"I can't go any further." The situation was dramatic. We were on a narrow ledge, to fall from which meant, in the first place, to drop plumb down a steep cliff, and, after that, to roll down the pitiless hill. It was not a spot in which to temporize. He generously said that I might leave him, but it became clear that that meant great risks for him. My judgment coincided with my selfish wish, and I insisted that to ascend and rest on the top was better than to go down at once. The contemplation of more climbing was naturally awful to Young, but the heroic is sometimes shown in play, and he chose the climb.

When we reached the top, we found ourselves in a fairy land ; the mountains lying around us like colossal boulders, from one to another of which the giants would skip, laughing at the valleys between. The sun shone on us, and the air was sweet to our taste. The river below us, winding through the woods, was a mere silver thread in a ribbon of green. We looked into the far distance at our right, and our eyes were rewarded by a glimpse of the St. Lawrence and the fringe of Murray Bay. Pigmies in body we stood there, but no giant ever skipped more easily from hill to hill than did our thoughts light, first near by the Falls, to bid the Captain be of good courage, and next at Murray Bay, to whisper that we had not forgotten those at home, and would not be ourselves forgot.

But we must be off. Through over anxiety to avoid precipices, the Historian missed the way through the wooded belt on the return journey, and, on emerging from the lower side of it, we found that we had gone considerably out of our course. We made up our minds to strike straight for the nearest point of the Cold Stream, which ran at the base of the hill,

and to follow it down as far as the camp. We adopted the dry bed of a mountain stream for our path, as we rushed down helter skelter, the shoes of the Historian becoming "groggier" at every step.

Ardent spirits have been immortalised, wine sung, and beer applauded, but, for Young and me, "cold stream" water, the drinker "extra sec," bears the palm. With mighty gulps we drank and drank, whilst the waters of a neighbour rapid danced for us in the sunlight. It has never been the lot of any man, even of an eastern potentate, to quaff such draughts and gaze upon so grand a ballet!

What a journey it was down that stream; one moment, in the water, floundering about on slippery stones, and the next, in the dry, springing, so far as Young was concerned, and, for the Historian, trying to spring, from boulder to boulder. The shoes of the Historian became like embodied yawns, so great their gaping.

Presently we came to a pool where the water was evident'y deeper, and here, on either side, the bank was so steep a rock that a man could not walk on it. "It is a case of wading here," so, Young, as he stepped into the water. The shorter Historian, abreast of the other, aped his steps. "There appears to be some water here"—so the Historian, and the next minute he was swimming. Young had to follow suit and they struck out side by side, spluttering with laughter, until the likeness of the occasion to an incident in the shipwrecking of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine occurred to the Historian, and he called upon Young to remember that they were not wearing *black* stockings, at the same time giving expression to a fearful wonder if sharks came so far up the stream. But nothing had terrors for Young that day but precipices (awful visions of a sudden drop in the river of hundreds of feet, Niagara outniagaraed, Dorèesque for horror, haunted him) and he was reassuring as to sharks.

The joy of reaching camp that day needs, for its painting, pigments with more "light" in them than any I have in my modest box of colours.

I will not sing Mr. Cronyn's praises as fellow-camper, much as I might write of him, sunny from dawn to dark, but something must be told of him as Hunter of the Salmon. Those who have not seen him in that character do not know him in his most intense mood.

The salmon was seen to leap just opposite the camp, and soon the fly was cast near the meeting of the *tribes*, the "cold stream" and the Murray. The fly was nibbled. From that moment Mr. Cronyn was salmon-possessed. The *raison d'être* lay in its possession of that salmon; that of Mr. Cronyn in his desire to kill it. I feel that I ought to write in an heroic strain, but it is beyond me. Ere the sun had found its way to our camp each morning, and whilst the heavy breathing of Young and others asleep interrupted the quiet of the morning, Mr. Cronyn was out and across the river, seeking the salmon. All day long he would whip the stream, but beyond a bite nothing would be his. At last, in an hour now historic, he had the fish well on his line, and the fight began. I cannot describe it. Black, in one dip of the pen, could so tell the story that the reader could see that run up the river, that leap to get free, that playing of the line, that longer run of the salmon, hopeful of escape, that gradual in-drawing of the line, tense with the struggles of the plucky fish, and, at the last, that fatal snapping of the cord!

In suit of tweed, with socks tucked over his trousers, his grey beard throwing out the tan and the rose of his cheeks, and with his soft hat which had a splendid 'spot' of color in its red band, the fisherman was the ideal centre figure for a painting of the scene. Near him stood Young, a relief to the strain of the occasion, thanks to the luminous humour of his face; and close by him, Dumont, the Indian in him rampant, ready to rush into the water and seize the fish—a human landing-net. The line broke just as hope was becoming certainty. Let no more be said!

CHAPTER VIII.

AS to the balance of the time spent in camp before the return of the Falls Expedition, that is to say, up to about midday on Wednesday, there is not much to be written.

Mr. Cronyn's occupation has been told. Young, Rose and the Historian mosquito-oiled themselves until that fascinating pleasure palled; then they sat on the hot sand, and life became a jumble of pipe smoke; smoke of smouldering fire; light of sun greying the burning embers by its greater light; smell of oil; buzzing of flies; hotchpot of conversation; weariness of the flesh! All these things would come to me if I read "The Dynamiter" again, whose real unreality fitted our position and helped to while away the hours.

The Historian—ever anxious to do good where that involved an accession of comfort to himself—spent much time in training Dumont as a valet. It was a moving instance of the untutored savage learning the ways of civilization. The custom had been for each man of the camp who needed water, to fetch it from the river himself, but the Historian, seated in the royal splendor of Pyjamas and overcoat, would cry out "Venez ici, Dumont!" Then, by a skilful conjunction of English and French words, the wishes of the writer would be told, and the obedient Dumont would fetch the water. He became as docile as a child, and can now be recommended with all confidence as a combination valet-guide.

Despite the splendid ease of our life, we were by no means sorry to hear the cries of the returning Falls Expedition. Some of their doings were told us over a noisy meal, which we ate just after their arrival, but I refer the reader to the Captain's narrative, which follows here.

A. M. G.

CHAPTER IX.

While my friend, the Historian, chronicles the peaceful annals of the camp at Les Erables, it is mine to sing the exploits of the devoted band which sought the waterfall.

It has been observed that where a camp is divided against itself, the weaker section is left baconless. Bacon is the natural sustenance of the explorer, and fires his eye and gives courage to his heart. A side and a half of this precious and savory stimulant went with the advance guard, and nothing but a sweet, sad memory was left for the Lotus eaters who lingered on the yellow sand.

Of pork they wearied, both as to the lean and the fat thereof, and were seized with the cruelest bacon nostalgia. In visions of the night fair yellow hams floated before their delighted eyes and eagerly they clutched the phantom, and found a void !

Full often under the pallid stars a choked and tearful cry for bacon echoed from the ridge-pole of the tent, and "Bacon" was the toast drunk in melancholy silence at the evening meal. To this day the word "Bacon" inflicts a cruel stab, and scarcely are we freed from the imputation of having, with considered malice, bereft our comrades of their porcine stay and brought them to this pitiable pass.

The rape of the bacon was of course not discovered till after miles of forest and river lay between us and our brethren, otherwise should we have hastened with contrition to repair the damage and much bitterness of spirit would have been spared.

I have not had the advantage of a perusal of the Historian's narrative, where doubtless the lamentable bacon incident is set out in all its grievous circumstance, and therefore am unable to say whether my plea of confession and avoidance forms the fittest answer to his allegations. I reserve a right to amend by setting up: (1) That there never was any bacon in

camp. (2) That it was all eaten by the Historian before we started. (3) That we left more than we took away. (4) That if we took all the bacon (which we by no means admit, but on the contrary strenuously deny) one Suck-eggs, (*alias* Gaspard Simard), did it without our privity or connivance and is solely answerable for all resulting damage and inconvenience (if any). And finally we bring into Court half a side of bacon and pray to be dismissed with our reputations and purses intact.

At this stage I can hear the Historian's polite and gentle query, "What has all this to do with the explorations which you were detailed to write of?"

For my part I contend that without foundation it is vain to hope for superstructure, *vide* *Tristram Shandy* and *La Recherche de L'Absolu*. It is the characteristic of this age of crudities to strive to produce effects without a basis of deep-rooted and legitimate cause, a mode of procedure contrary to the canons of true art and much to be reprehended.

How could the reader be brought to an intelligent appreciation of the subject in hand without some reference to Drake's ear-flaps? These curiously useless appendages to his deerstalker would of themselves form a pictorial narrative of the expedition if represented in their varying relations to his head.

While yet within the pale of civilization they were modestly tucked away, and the entire headgear conveyed an idea of inexpressible gentility. When under stress of the first portage one flap worked out, the reckless Buccaneer nature began to show itself through the strained and cracking veneer of propriety. Later the other flap appeared, and the whole character of the man stood revealed. With the gradual elevation of the flaps went a readiness to eat trout with his fingers, and a scandalous disregard of soap. When the flaps stood at the right-angle Drake was dangerous; his keen eye, as he walked the wilderness, on the alert for some prowling creature wild and fierce as he. As the angle tended more towards acuteness the worst rapid was as still water to the wearer of the cap, and a fine sight it was to see him, fire in his eye and paddle in hand, dashing over waves or rocks,—it was all one to Drake.

We would now naturally come to the setting-forth of the bacon-fed, but before launching the canoes a constitutional question must be touched on. In every state where the will of the people is sovereign, a majority of the electors can procure a modification of the law. It is unlikely therefore that exception will be taken to the transposition of Saturday and Sunday which was effected unanimously, (*Cronyn hesitante*, as the learned reporter to the Court of Appeal has it). The last day of the week having been sacrificed to repairing canoes it was eminently conveniently to dub it Sunday, and none were loth to turn it into a day of rest ; but had the next day been Sunday likewise, there would have been two Sundays in one week, which is absurd. Therefore was the first day of our week Saturday, and consciences troubled not.

The Historian was left in charge of the permanent camp, with the title of Honorary Cook, and lest perchance his modest pen should hesitate to indite a word of praise of himself in that capacity, I shall write it here. Though claiming to be inexperienced in the details of camping, he rested not long in his ignorance, and before the razor-kissed his ten days' beard there was little left that he had to learn. He who starts with the intention of finding something to laugh at, even in his miseries, and who if his tump-line cuts beyond the limit of patient endurance will at least swear cheerily, is far on the road of qualification for a life in the woods. When he adds to that an invariably unselfish attitude to those around him,—but I see the swift blushes rise, and desist.

What a difference there is between campers, both green and experienced ! There is the man who on arrival at the spot where tents are to be pitched, takes in the situation at a glance, knows what is to be done, and does it. There are poles and crotches to cut, firewood to gather, *sapin* to collect, tents, blankets and camp-kit to unpack, a space for the camp to be cleared, canoes to be looked to, and a score of other little things which it would take two or three men a couple hours to compass, but which can be disposed of in half an hour if all hands turn to.

The Intelligently Active man without a word picks up an axe, spits on his hands and disappears in the bush. In five minutes he returns with the necessary tent-poles. If there be another of his species in the camp he

sets to clearing away underbrush, and has the tents ready to pitch when his comrade returns.

The Unintelligently Active man says, "What shall I do?" And you may get some work out of him in the direction of cutting *sapin*, if you lend him a knife and show him how to use it and where to go.

The Intelligently Inactive man thinks it a good time to root out his pack and change his clothes on the spot where you want to build the fire, and if you constrain him to exert himself on behalf of the commonwealth, and bid him undo the blankets, he will leave the pack-straps lying where it will take half-an-hour to find them, and lie down on the blankets and smoke.

The Unintelligently Inactive man sits down and contemplates the scene without the most distant idea that anything is expected of him. He borrows your mosquito oil, puts the bottle out of his hand, and straightway forgets where he has laid it. He needs close watching and steady prodding. He hauls the canoes up without dumping the water, and if he unties the rods, leaves them where they will be stepped on. Better let him go for a swim, and then he will probably return, and calmly inform you that he has lost the last bit of soap in camp.

And then the Grumbler! But from him I earnestly pray deliverance, and of him I shall not write, lest my pen should be guilty of some unkindness.

And so to my tale.

Four canoes bore away nine of us with what baggage was absolutely necessary, and Mr. Cronyn, Young and Dumont accompanied us for some distance in the fifth canoe.

We had started with a short portage to surmount the camp rapid, but found that it might have been profitably lengthened, as another rapid and a stretch of very swift water remained to be passed. Nicolas poled up without much trouble, but the rest of us, not being masters of that difficult art, were constrained to walk, canoe in hand, an easier, but extremely damp mode of progress.

In the succeeding six miles there were but three rapids which required disembarkation, and in one of them the enthusiastic Young indulged in

a short swim, which gave every one (except possibly Young) much innocent enjoyment.

There is also a story concerning Tom, who found himself at one stage up to his neck in rapid water, with his canoe half full. But this, and Tom's grace during soup at the Les Erables camp, belong to the esoteric portion of our narrative.

The day was overcast, with a strong wind in the mountain tops, though not a breath touched the surface of the river. The clouds scudding over us at a height of a couple of thousand feet, concealed the rugged summits, and the precipices and escarped rocks on either side shone with wet. Sometimes a noiseless torrent of cloud drove down a gorge through the thick-massed hemlock, till the fleecy avalanche seemed about to overwhelm us. As a lifting wind swept the vapour upwards in gigantic wreaths and eddies, the mountain forms for an instant dimly appeared, mysteriously vast. Spits of rain drifted across from time to time,—heralds of the deluge we were to encounter later. Huge rocks lay here and there in the river bed, and one could mark the spot, many hundreds of feet above us, whence they had broken away. The level floor of the gorge is covered with an unbroken forest of trees which are giants to the familiar stunted growth of the Laurentians, and the river with its banks of yellow sand, flows as peacefully through the centre as though it had never in its innocent existence heard of wild rapid or foaming chute.

After a six-mile paddle we come to an abrupt turn in the gorge, and here the mountains standing back somewhat, their huge proportions are better revealed. Over the eastern rim of this spacious amphitheatre fall two considerable streams :—the *Décharge de la Cabane*, and the *Décharge de la Mine d'Argent*. Both descend a thousand feet in one unbroken dash of foam and spray, and it would be difficult to find an apter resemblance for the latter than to a torrent of silver poured from the melting pot and flashing bright down the dark face of the precipice, till lost in the sombre forest at its base.

From this angle in the river our course lay North-west, and after surmounting a couple of strong rapids and traversing a mile or two of dead water, we reached what was apparently the head of canoe navigation.

It being well on in the afternoon, Dumont and his canoe-load turned back, and speedily disappeared in the heavy rain which now began to fall. Thunder crashed above us, and died away in a thousand lessening echoes.

Nicolas was sent on through the dripping woods to find out how far the rapid which barred our progress extended, and returned with the news that we had reached the end of the dead waters, and must now abandon the canoes. Though some hours of daylight were left it was thought better to pitch the tent, and make a fair start on foot on the morrow. The fishermen dispersed to try the pools and fill the frying-pan, with the result that some seven or eight dozen trout were taken, running up to three-quarters of a pound in weight.

Here and above we were much surprised to see no large fish, though a more perfect water could not be desired, and it is unlikely that the river has had a fly cast in it for over fifteen years. Only two explanations suggest themselves to me, and neither seems satisfactory. The first is, that the Montagnais Indians, who at one time hunted and fished here, absolutely depleted the river of fish; and the second, that the trout have not proper feeding grounds, and are continually disturbed by the rocks which fall into the river, and the state of unrest of its bed. Fishing at the first fall on the following day, I constantly heard the rumble of the boulders carried down by the water rising above the noise of the fall.

All night the wind howled and the rain pelted down, but, packed as close as the guests at a five o'clock tea, we lay snug and warm, and not a little music and laughter found its way out into the dark and roaring night.

The next day broke fair, but the start was delayed till about eight o'clock, that the undergrowth might have a chance to dry. There is nothing so dispiriting as a tramp through wet bushes, and I have seen a man get sulkier and sulkier as the dripping boughs slapped his face and sent each its little complemental rivulet down his neck, till, falling over head and ears into some creek, he became at one stroke entirely soaked and happy.

Seven very light packs were made up, and these changed hands every half-hour when a halt for a minute or two was called.

Our way lay along the river bank, and for the first four hours was easy and pleasant. Here and there we passed through open glades where the stag fern rose to our shoulders, and the tall maples and birch reminded one of a hardwood bush in Upper Canada. Keeping always within a short distance of the stream in order to observe its character, we found that some four or five miles of comparatively dead water would have permitted us to avail ourselves of the canoes for that distance. A few difficult places where steep mountain slopes abutted on the river set us to wading, but this usually ended in a waist-deep flounder and a scramble for the woods.

As the morning wore into afternoon, and we were supposed to be nearing the first fall, ears were strained to catch its roar, and once or twice the sound of heavy rapids sent us forward at quickened pace.

Old Simard, who is undoubtedly one of the most competent liars that the region has produced, pretended from time to time to discover landmarks, but being immediately thereafter obliged to explain them away, a shade of doubt fell over his ability as a guide.

We lunched at a brook which our guileless friend recognized as being but a few hundred yards from a fall, "*haute comme un pin*," and altogether awe-inspiring in character. There he had camped—had killed a moose—had portaged up, Heaven knows how many hundred weight of "*du lard*,"—that he should now be mistaken was impossible. The modest fall, some fifteen feet in height, to which a half-hour's walk brought us, utterly failed to satisfy him, and we pushed on along a rocky bank, with precipice above and foaming river below, where a man needed all his feet and at least one additional hand to convoy himself and pack in safety.

Quarter of a mile above we found another small fall, and a few hundred yards beyond this yet another, about fifteen feet high. The pools at the foot of these falls looked too tempting to pass, and in front the gorge appeared scarcely passable. It was thought best to camp at this spot, while a detachment proceeded forward, and those remaining gave the river a thorough trial. This was a fortunate resolution, as those who went on reported that it would have been quite impossible to get along with a pack. Tom, Frank, Andy and Sam returned to camp after sun-

down with the news that no falls had been encountered higher than those already passed, but that the river was one continuous rapid as far as they could see it,—a perfect mountain torrent, with precipitous banks which they had been obliged to scale to a height of six or seven hundred feet in order to make way at all. On their return they had encountered so abrupt a descent that they had been obliged to slide down the trees from ledge to ledge.

Some hours' fishing in this most attractive looking stretch of water only afforded sufficient trout for supper, and those not of a large size. No young salmon were seen above the fall, which seems to be high enough to effectually bar the progress of fish up the river. One of the objects of our expedition was to locate the headquarters of the salmon, and was therefore successfully accomplished.

We were lucky enough to find in this very rugged region a most charming camping ground—a stretch of soft dry sand beside the river, backed by the precipice and sheltered by fine large hemlocks. Nine very tired men turned in after a hearty supper, and neither dreamed nor turned till “morning stood tip-toe on the misty mountain tops.”

After breakfast, our guide thought it due to his reputation to give an explanation of his multitudinous errors of the day before.—It was years since he had passed this way, and then it was winter. Snow and ice were piled up in the river and the fall much higher than in summer. He related that he had passed a *nuit blanche* thinking of these things, and had wept over the lapse of his aged recollection. I noted, however, that the path of no tear was visible upon his grizzled cheek, and have every reason to believe that the quantity of water contained in a tear, must, had it travelled that way, have left its mark upon that countenance.

Of one thing he assured us however, with the calling in of many Saints as witnesses, and this was that the fall we had reached was positively the highest actual fall upon the river, though many rapids and cascades intervened between this spot and the bridge at La Cruche.

The walk down was made in much faster time, though one halt of half an hour was called to allow of a trial of a particularly likely looking pool. The most imaginative angler could not have devised or desired a more

promising water, but even the ingenious Tom, with a Silver Doctor, could not raise anything worthy of his fly. This point being the head of the dead water, there was some debate as to whether it would be profitable to make a raft and float down to camp, but as more time would have been lost in the making that would have been gained by taking to the river, packs were once more shouldered and the line led off.

The day being yet young when camp was reached, we struck the tent, which had been left standing, and embarked in the canoes. The rapids and currents which had been so wearisome to ascend, bore us down with scarce the necessity of paddling, and in a surprisingly short time we reached the angle where the river makes its abrupt turn to the South-west, and camped upon a sandy island in the centre of the amphitheatre before spoken of.

What a glorious panorama! Up the river, a swift, tumultuous rapid falling into a broad quiet pool, and the narrowing lines of the hills, rounded and sloping to the West, and abrupt and precipitous to the East. Down the river a long stretch of peaceful water mirroring the dense forest and bare mountain side, with the great mass of Mont des Erables, its rugged granite softened and purpled by distance, closing the vista in that direction. East and West granite piling up toward Heaven, and to crown all, the two water-falls thundering down the cliff and mingling their dull roar with the more musical voice of the rapid. Here giants might feel at home, but the sons of men are insignificant indeed.

We had a fair evening's fishing both above and below the camp, though again no large fish were seen, and got back in time to watch the fading glories of a lovely sunset which dyed the river crimson and lingered long on the mountain crests. When the moon rose the scene was more ethereally beautiful, and long we sat about our camp fire—that tiny flame upon which the Great Solitary Watchers must have looked with infinite contempt.

I think the next day's paddle will not be forgotten by any of us, and for my part I am tempted to venture again into those wilds for the sake only of such a morning. The day was bright, still and cloudless, at least

until afternoon, and the peaks which had been hidden in vapor on our upward journey, were now clear cut against the blue. So perfect were the shadow pictures that one could see reflected the stunted and distorted firs that hung on the verge two thousand feet above, and where shadow ended and reality began the keenest eye could not tell.

Lazily floating down, dreading to end a day that might never return, we still were carried onward too fast. Here and there casting a fly, and ever plying the ubiquitous Kodak until that faithful instrument notified its inability to contain any more scenery, now shooting a tangled rapid, so we came at length within hallooing distance of our friends, who ran to meet us with unfeigned joy upon their faces.

Sam, always anxious for more worlds to conquer, shot the camp rapid triumphantly, but candidly acknowledged that he had wished to be well out of it when he perceived the size of the piece which, having bitten off, he needs must chew. The decision to engage on a rapid is as irrevocable as fate, and, once started, you and your canoe must go through, either in company or each on his own hook at the mercy of wild whirling water and jagged rocks.

W. H. B.

CHAPTER X.

AFTER the meal which we all had together on the return of the Falls Expedition, passengers and baggage were packed into the canoes, and with three cheers, and the singing of "Bon Soir ! "Les Erables !", we set off down the stream, leaving the hills to shrug their shoulders, and the trees to contemptuous silence, at the thought of the daring dwarfs who had tried to read their secrets.

Sam Blake is to write the history of the journey of the canoes down the river, and I therefore merely state that we continued on until we came to a point whose name I have forgotten, where we determined to camp for the night. We had a merry time, as, habited in suits of soap, of Pears and other build, we plunged, some from one bank, some from the other, into the river. A crowd of schoolboys, with no care in the world, and conscious only of jolly sunlight and of appetites that grew apace for a meal soon to come. Fishing was indulged in by some, and enough trout were caught for tea.

We had a glorious camp fire that night, for, to the elements which always entered into our enjoyment, were added two peculiar ones. The first, our keen delight at the party being once more united, the second, the feeling that this was to be the last night of the camp.

Amongst other amusements that evening, we competed at the construction of sentences in the line of those which are to be found in some grammars, and which bear this heading:—"Correct the mistakes (if any) in the following sentences." Despite the opposition of the owners of shares in the fishing in the river in question, the following sentence received the majority of votes: "I have killed 20 dozen trout in the Murray River !"

Joaquin Miller and Louis Stevenson were introduced to us, the former by Sam. Blake, and the latter by the Captain, but each of them left all too soon. Andy Thompson gave greater body and flavour than ever to "Willie brewed a peck o' maut," and we fairly revelled in it, as, with no intoxicant but "Camaraderie Special (1890)," we rolled the chorus out, the jolliest of bacchanals. It seemed hard to stop singing that night, and the thought of how seldom a band of men is the same for two years running gave a tug at our hearts when we joined hands round the fire and sang "Auld Lang Syne !"

CHAPTER XI.

IN the morning we all began the journey in canoes, but, whilst some had a good deal of canoe to a little walking, there were others of us—I had the honour to be of their number—who, for every inch of paddling had a hundred yards to walk. The term “walking” here is an euphemism. Wearied of boulders, we would seek the woods, tired of the bushes we would again try the boulders.

Thus it went on, until, at last, those in advance waited for us who were labouring behind, and, on our coming up to them, all those not in charge of canoes were given the choice of continuing to advance in their then manner or taking to the woods and trying to strike the path which we had traversed on our outward journey. Mackenzie, Young, Rose and the Historian chose the woods, and to the last-named the compass was given. We had not gone far before a question arose as to whether or not we were keeping in the right direction ; and, as we got further and further from the river, and no signs of the path appeared, our fears grew apace, whilst the prospect of a day in the woods looking for the way, grew in bulk and horror. Totally strange features in the landscape showed themselves, and at one point we arrived at a bog, as unfamiliar as it was unpleasant. With sinking hearts and feet we trudged across it, and soon after sought a height of ground, to reconnoitre, but no path was to be seen. Would that I were not so nearly related to the Historian, that I were not debarred from painting his heroism, as, indifferent to any sagacious suggestions from others, and blind to all errors on his own part, he would, from time to time, gaze at the compass with unintelligent eye, and then go on his way, heedless of consequences and the future, and careful only of the present and that the course chosen had as few fallen trees and as little mud as possible ! But so it often happens : the best, unsung !

We were beginning to be seriously alarmed, when, suddenly, we came to a stretch of trees scorched by fire which seemed familiar to us. Quoth the Historian: "I do not care to leave this spot, the path unfound." Hardly had the words been spoken when a tremendous "whoop!" from Young proclaimed the fact that we had discovered the looked-for treasure.

We could not express our joy in English, and in despair, we turned to the French tongue, filling the aisles of the woods with yells of "Sacré!"

When we reached the portage we sat, in company with the planche drivers, on a sunny rock by the river's side, and waited for the others, whose story runs thus:—

A. M. G.

CHAPTER XII.

IN order that the reader may arrive at a true understanding of any subject, the main requisites would appear to be a clear conception on his part, firstly, of the mind of the writer in relation to the subject matter; secondly, of the mind of the writer in relation to his readers; and thirdly, of the elements which compose the subject matter itself. It is with these requisites in view that I have written what, in any other light, might be deemed extraneous.

I. When the word went forth that I was to write, and that full quickly, a description of a specified day of one of the many camps of last summer, I set myself immediately to the task of gathering my scattered recollections together. I spent the whole day worrying over faint memory-tracks, like a hunter lost in the wilderness in which we had camped, trying to pick out a distinct trail, and at night I fell asleep, hopeless and weary.

When I awoke, my knees were pressed against the sides of a canoe and my hands clutched a paddle. A moonlit river running swiftly between shadowy pine-clad banks hurried the canoe down. My head seemed bent as with the weight of many mountains; and, within it, as the canoe grazed a rock, there came a sudden click, and a great weight dropped. I rested the paddle on the thwarts, and raised my hands to my head. Next moment a sudden lurch, caused by my swaying body, almost upset the canoe. I had felt for my head, and my fingers told me that it was a square box with sharp corners! And a single eye! Cold drops ran down the front of the box, and my dampened fingers grew frigid as the frightful reality seized upon my being. I was an animated Kodak shooting rapids. My head bent low with the weight already received, at every rock touched, at every wave shipped, there came the click, and a fresh weight dropped within. Down! down! down! went the canoe through rock-ribbed death; and I knew that my plates were numbered, and the limit must soon be reached. A battle was being fought between

the positive and negative poles of my being, and I had little hope, for, more fearful than all else, adown the wind-swept river came the sound of mocking laughters, and the voice of one behind me, where I dare not look, whispering the frightful words "You press the button and we do the rest." At last the landing swam in sight, and gathering every atom of life left in me, I managed to run the bow ashore and jump. When the canoe touched the beach there came the dreaded click, something broke within, and I know no more. Now the morning after, my head between my hands, I am endeavouring to sort out the plates which have been telescoped together, and there is nought remaining but an impression of one long river, running ever through stone gulleys of broken rock, around which the brown water churns itself into yellow foam.

II. The reader is by this time, I suppose aware that with the exception of two of our number, one a student of Arts, the other of Medicine, and both sons of lawyers, our camp was composed entirely of members and students of that profession in whose eyes, river, lake and stream are viewed but as so much land—covered by water. It is probably to the fact of my being a student of the profession which inculcates so remarkably the faculty of seeing to the bottom of things, that I am indebted for the foresight which prompted me to fortify myself with an affidavit of my fellow passenger, verifying in minutest detail, the following account. I secured this before commencing to write at all, recognizing the necessity for a free hand in the narration of fact, and being determined not to be trammelled by any consideration of the incredulity of my readers. In exchange I was obliged to execute an affidavit of my own with regard to the weight of certain specified fishes; but, as I have acted in the capacity of fish recorder for many years, and in divers camps, the strain on my moral fibre was scarcely felt.

III. *Arma virumque canoe flumenque.* Paddle, Man, Canoe and River, these I sing!

The Paddle—now a weapon winning the way through the ranks of the enemy, drawn up in battle array; now a guard against hidden ambuscades and sudden surprises; now flashing in quick strong strokes, an engine of locomotion; now standing, a rigid pole, holding the Canoe still as a rock in the swirling water—the Paddle, lending itself to the least motion of its

wielder, and swinging from side to side with speed of lightning ; of little weight and great power, ever ready in the time of need, is well worthy of its work.

The Man, kneeling in the stern, with eye fixed and body braced for the coming fray, his knees hard pressed against the sides of the Canoe, his arms aloft, free and strong, wielding the Paddle.

The Canoe, frailest of crafts, resting upon the surface of the water, able to skim the shallowest of reefs and thread the narrowest of gulches ; her skin so delicate that it feels the gentlest touch of the softest sand, the lightest caress of the smallest eddy ; Queen of the Mountain River ! you I sing !

And the River also—that element upon which the three first played their parts.

It has been said that “ the glory of a river is by virtue of the land that hems it in ” ; and so it may appear to him who stands upon the mountain side.

“ Full many a glorious morning have I seen,
Flatter the mountain tops with sovran eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy.”

Here the river is as a precious stone in a glorious setting.

But the life of a river lies in its channel bed. There the shifting variety of infinite change, the springing vitality of restless motion answering the pulse-beat of mankind, clothe its every aspect with a human interest.

Come down from the mountain side and bathe in its running waters ! Get thee a vessel and join those who go down to the sea in ships, and marvellous wonders wilt thou behold !

Our little river has passed through the gates of the Laurentians, and where we commence our day's run, is breaking out in tempestuous haste to reach its final resting place many hundred feet below—and miles beyond.

We are obliged to leave the land brigade shortly after breaking our last camp, having found it impossible to carry them further.

Our fleet is made up of five canoes, loaded with baggage and four passengers, and manned by two red men and three pale faces. We are just realising that instead of a run over swift smooth water, we have before us many miles of fierce rapids ; and the canoes, even after the land force has been dumped, are burdened to the full extent of their capacity for the work in view.

The rapids are of manifold types.

There is the rapid whose shallowness, easily seen and avoided, is its chief feature. There being no difficult work for eye or hand these leave but little impression save of a pretty playfulness. The canoe dancing down the middle bows merrily to the graceful curling waves, and darts out into the pool below, like a coquette flying from the attentions she has just provoked.

Then there is the rapid, strong and fierce, with but one channel and that to be fought for. Here the canoe meets with no polite gallantry, no gentle handling ; but the waves, tossing their white arms high around her, carry her down towards the line of breakers covering the savage reef. And yet she cannot but respect the honest depth of feeling, and forgive the rude passion of her lover ; knowing full well that it were better to yield here, if yield she must, than to strand in the shallows above or founder in the dead water below.

And then there is the tirelessly persistent rapid ; the rapid that will not take "No ;" whose persecuting attentions are at first received with tolerant patience, changing to bitter fretfulness and at last frigid animosity.

These are the gulleys literally choked with stones, without either grace or symmetry, plan or channel ; but ever two rocks ahead, a hand's breadth between, and a rock a few feet below guarding the centre ; ever the same desperate effort at safe passage, to be repeated again and again ; and we—entering strong and hopeful, in the hey-day of our youth, and before the rapid is well commenced, becoming parched with a great thirst for the still waters below, even as the busy man in the midst of strife thirsts for the waters of quietness where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest—we come out shrunken and decrepit, stricken with old age, having, as the rapid unwound itself stretch after stretch in

an interminable monotony of infinite sameness—even more wearisomely tiresome than the sentence now labouring to describe it—passed through every stage of existence from manhood to senility.

Here the fleet spreads across the river from bank to bank, each steersman endeavouring to find, where he chooses to look, the lost pathway ; and each failing, for it was not ; yet managing to thread his crooked passage without catastrophe.

Floating in the eddy of a pool at the rapid's foot I find the broken blade of a paddle which I had lost many miles above. It must have been snapped like a match between the finger and thumb of some reef, past which, in the hands of its wielder, it might in safety have steered the canoe.

And now the roar of the giant rapid defying all description is heard. Great fragments of jagged rock cleave the river into a score of tortuous snake-like windings, down which the black water circles swift and deep. We begin wading, and lower the canoes from rock to rock ; until, standing waist deep in mill-race running water, we can no longer trust our foothold. Then one by one we mount a boulder, and each, according to his faith breathing a supplication, embarks. Away sweeps the canoe like a toboggan steered by a straw, and next moment we are whirled against a huge square mass of rock, and tamed broadside to the swishing current. "Steady !" rings out, as the water surges over the gunwale ; and then a mighty effort, and the canoe swings clear, but stern foremost, downward. Not far this time, for we are spun like a piece of driftwood to where we manage to clamber on to two spray-wet boulders, and, having lifted our baggage out, to capsize our half filled canoe. Again we re-embark, feeling as if we were stepping upon a lily-pad in the midst of a whirlpool, and are whirled, we know not how, on to the end.

Just after this there comes a long shallow, and it is with a feeling of relief that we begin to wade, making our passengers disembark. But we soon find it possible to run and go tumbling down into a little circular bay between an island and the main shore, where, letting the river go on without us, we beach our canoes, and, sitting down in the bottom, our legs dangling over the sides, munch each a hard-tack and wait for our passengers, who are scrambling along the shore.

"What a scorcher that was!"

"I should say so! Any more like it?"

"No; I think that's the worst. There are some pretty big ones below though. Tom says he saw the Pearly Gates three times."

"Standing ajar?"

"I hope so."

"Here they come! Drake's earflaps rampant as usual."

"Hurry up, boys!"

And then the crackling of underbrush, and the passengers get into their places and we start once more.

For the most part of the way the sun rests on our shoulders, but once or twice when the river takes a turn we come suddenly upon a stretch right in its face. Then there spreads out before us a world of gold. Molten gold running between rocks of the beaten metal and breaking into golden cascades which send up golden spray—a dazzling pathway of aureate halos. But as the clear sight of surrounding objects is more prized by us than even the vision of an unveiled God, blinding with excess of light, these visitations are more dread than welcome.

Shortly after leaving our luncheon cove we come upon a rapid which at first sight, appears impossible to run; and we begin wading, close to the bank. Presently Nicholas, who, a little in advance, is letting his canoe down without condescending to disembark, stands up; and, holding it still with his pole, takes a quick survey of the rapid. Next moment he drops on to his knees; and his canoe goes surging up stream, stern foremost. His pole, bending under the weight thrown upon it, breaks in the middle; and his canoe, canting over, gulps a great draft of water. Steadying himself, he whips a paddle from the bottom of the canoe, and makes it whirl like the fans of a screw which has "taken charge," and the canoe crosses over in the face of the current into mid-stream, and turns, as on a pivot, in time to pass between two rocks, which stand sentry at the rapid's head. Suddenly the mighty redman, in the midst of the fiercest rapid, rising in his seat, breaks forth into an Indian war-song, which blends its wild cadence with the roaring of the waters around him, and keeps its time with the beats of his swinging paddle.

And we,—pale faces indeed, up to our armpits in water, huddled against

the bank,—we follow in the redman's wake, but with no thought of song ; and teeth so firmly clenched that none can issue if we had the will.

Below this the river separates into two distinct channels, and we wait impatiently, holding back our canoes, as the Indians consult which shall be chosen. Nicholas pushes off to the right ; where the river spreads out over sunshiny warm-looking shallows, whose rippling waters appear scarcely sufficient to float us safely down. Dumont, the younger Indian, chooses the left ; where the body of the water goes dashing down, in a narrow winding channel, and the white waves leap high. And him we follow, preferring the risk of being swamped, to the likelihood of being stranded ; and get our reward instantly in running the most charming, though by no means the most docile, of rapids ; while Nicholas is yet toiling ankle deep over the first of the many shallows that bar his passage.

Dipping down a cascade, we swing round a bend in the river, and the landing is in sight. We are running before we know it, and as a matter of course, through the very rapid over which, when standing on the banks nine days before, we had gravely shaken our heads as impossible. It is a baby in arms to those already conquered ; and next moment we bring up at the landing amid the welcoming cheers of our comrades, and the wild shouts of the French drivers.

Two of us start instantly, upon landing, to walk into Malbaie ; and putting on a brisk pace, we shortly afterwards reach our luncheon ground of the first day. Here while we wait for our eggs frizzling in the pan, we are overtaken by Nicholas. He refuses anything to eat ; asks for matches, and bidding us "good-day," is gone. And to us, standing in the doorway, as we watch the tall, dark, powerfully-built man, striding along the roadway towards civilization, the color seems to fade out of the Indian of the rapid and the war-song, and we think sadly of the when we shall behold him next, decked out in a white collar and a stiff hat.

S. V. B.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE homeward drive, like the outward, was one of intense pleasure to the Historian, but as that pleasure, in each case, was due not only to the keen air and the delight of lake and hill and field, but also to the conversation with another, I will not enlarge upon the subject, lest my praise pale before the blushes it evokes.

The walkers—Moss and Sam. Blake—broke their appetite into fragments at the half-way-house, but the rest of us merely chipped a corner off. Yet the memory of those bowls of berries is a very fond one! Nothing of excitement occurred until we were nearing home, when "Billee" took it into his head to race with a cart carrying a load of merry hearted girls. His example stirred up some of the other drivers to a like endeavour, with the result that the maddest of chariot races began, until we feared that we should return to our homes in the condition of the man in the Bab Ballads, "in pieces most particularly small." This dread fate was avoided by a large expenditure of potent language, and in "Billee's" case, by not less potent blows upon his back.

Months have passed since that evening, but the memory of my appetite of that night dwells with me, and will dwell, as, indeed, does and will that of the swish of the razor upon my unkempt beard. But these were the smaller things: the larger lay in the warmth of welcome, and in the sweetness of voices, heard after days of silence, and naming and making "Home!"

[*Note by the Professor.*—At this point the writer introduces what he is pleased to call “Miscellanea.” I have done away with many items, and am confident that my action will be justified by the reader, when he reflects upon the fact that those which I have left in, bad as they are, are probably the best things in the jumbled collection.]

MISCELLANEA (MUTTONHEADED).

TUMP LINE.—This is a broad strap, the *theory* of whose use is, that it keeps a pack, otherwise unmanageable, in such a position on the body of the carrier as will enable him to bear it. In *practice*, it adds to the delight of the pack a charm of its own, for, when it begins to make an impression upon the wearer, from that moment his body seems to consist of various sections whose boundaries are tump line.

BLANKETS.—These are all of the same pattern, in order that a certain picturesqueness may characterize both the appearance and the language of the camp, when the moment arrives for the identification of each man's property.

BACON.—See the narrative of the Captain, and keep with the stronger section of the camp.

PORK.—Pigs killed for the camp have no lean. The object in this is, that, if by any unlucky (!) chance you finish the pork, you may still have it with you, in a sense, from the additional richness imparted to everything else by contact with it in the bag.

ONIONS.—These should be let run loose in the bag, for the reason mentioned above with reference to the fat of pork.

GUIDES.—The synonym is “mirage makers”; though I have seen people running through the letter L for a fit word. The Captain seems to be in agreement with such people. (See his narrative).

CAPS WITH FLAPS.—See the Captain's touching allusions to Drake's head-gear.

HATS.—See Andrew Thompson's hat, and copy it, or avoid it, as the humour strikes you to keep, or not to keep, a resting place, in the shape of a large veil, for the flies, where they can get their wind when “time” is called after each “round” with your face.

CAMP LOAFERS.—Their main mission is to throw into strong light the virtues of the workers, whose correct mental attitude is a “look-on-this-picture-and-on-that” one.

I copy an advertisement which I have had inserted in some of the sporting papers, but which, I am afraid, does not exactly correspond with the Captain's too-kind words of me.

“*Camp Loafer.*—A. M. G. is ready to enter into engagements for next Summer. Unfailingly lazy; cheerful in his laziness; of “no use; always in the way; can never find his own things; knows “nothing of sport; prefers the lightest pack or none at all; hetero- “dox as to trout; must insist upon having his mosquito oil carried by “others; would throw the feeblest of workers into bright relief.

“References given to all camping parties he has ever been “with.—Advt.”

TINNED MEATS.—*A. Generally.* These, with several other appurtenances of the camp, are very useful in the cultivation of virile (sometimes written “bad”) language. To this end, those rectangular in form can be recommended in preference to the circular ones, as having a greater aptitude in finding the pack-carrier's more susceptible bones.

B. Those with polyglot “directions for use.” Campers not so conversant as the writer with the French language will find these of great utility where the tins have to last more than one day, and the cook has therefore to be instructed to see that the remnants are “kept in a cool place.”

After all the other campers have retired for the night, you wander out in the dark to search for the half-empty tin. Having found it, you retire to bed in the tent, and then, by the light of a candle, you pass the silent watches of the night in committing the directions to memory. In the morning you walk boldly up to the French cook, and astonish him with your proficiency. The first half tin may be spoilt, if the tent is hot, but the choice is between the meat and your reputation as a scholar. Warning need not be given against learning the German by mistake, as the type differs; but the Spanish must be carefully guarded against. A tendency in that language towards a final “a” in words is useful to remember, in the premises.

TROUT.—This is a mythical fish, except in far countries. It is greatly beloved of the romantic school, as it lends itself readily to idealism. The large ones are, unfortunately, in such inaccessible regions that no heavy packs, such as scales, can be carried thither. On this account, many enormous fish have been caught, the real magnificence of whose proportions can never be known, the modesty of the captors inducing them to underrate their size. In habits they are so terrible that catching them is called "killing," to indicate the fierce combats between slayer and slain. When killed, all the ferocity of expression which was theirs in life leaves them and they look quite harmless.

SALMON FISHING.—The usefulness of this occupation was emphasized during our stay at Les Erables. It was Young who pointed it out to me. Whilst the river was open to us to cross we were liable at any moment to stray from the camp, to the neglect of home duties, such as lying on the hot sand and covering ourselves with mosquito oil. On the three other sides of the camp all was well. Bounded on the north (my use here of the different points of the compass is arbitrary) by pathless woods, on the south by trackless wilds, and on the east by impenetrable forest, there was no temptation to stray in either one of those directions. But, on the west we were bounded by the river, and there our temptation lay. The river became a salmon run, sacred to the efforts of Mr. Cronyn, and we were saved !

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.—A compressed form of this is used in camp. "Lingual pemmican," so to speak. With "*sacrè*," a whole camp can hold out for an entire expedition.

FRENCH DICTIONARIES.—The one most strongly recommended has as many types as there are differing French words in the volume. The result achieved is not to be overrated. For instance, if you wish the cook to give you some lime-juice to drink, and to rub mosquito oil on you, and (through your over-anxiety not to have either liquid act the wrong part, or for some other reason) your memory fails you as to whether the French for the two materials is the same, you instinctively remember that the word for one of them was in Ionic, and that for the other in Roman, type. You thus are

aware that you must look up two words, and not one only! This you proceed to do, and there you are, don't you know! I believe that there are other methods of explaining this dictionary. Andrew Thomson has an explanation; but his is of a *different type* from mine, so you must look up both. Perhaps I am obscuring the matter a little to myself. I will stop.

CRONYN *et al* vs. BLAKE *et al*.—[Note by the Professor. In answer to Mr. W. H. Blake's admirable statement of defence in the suit likely to arise out of the abstraction of the camp bacon, the author sets out a suggested long and rambling reply, which, out of kindness to him, I suppress.

I may state that he mainly rests his chances of success upon the bringing into court by the defendants of the "half a side of bacon," whose bringing in, he contends, means the putting out of court of the defendants, they having, by such proceeding, invoked against themselves the well-known equitable principle, that "he who comes into equity must come with clean hands!"]

GOOD BYES.—[Note by the Professor. The author "airs" himself very much on this subject, entering into a discursive dissertation on the different varieties of farewells. The meat of it all is contained in the concluding sentences, which appear below. I leave them in, because I believe the words of good-bye to the camp to be blood-red words: heart words.]

"Good-Bye!" How easy, at times—at times, how hard, to say! My farewell to an attack of the measles was to me a striking instance of the former class. The present occasion gives me a vivid illustration of the latter.

Must this "Good-Bye" be said?

Good-Bye! Captain and other fellow campers. I cannot tell you all that you have taught me, but this one lesson I must speak of:—That in the woods the strong is thoughtful for the weak: that there a man will share with his fellows all his comforts, even to the last pair of socks: that there, if a man say "I need a helping hand," the hands of all his comrades are held out to him.

"Good-Bye!"

A. M. G.

THE SONGS OF CAMP.

Many they were, in many tongues and diversly sung.

Snatches of some half-remembered ballad from lips where song was a stranger, a trifle doleful to all but the singer perhaps, but *his* dreamy far-away eyes revealed the chord that vibrated.

Lively catches sung around the camp-fire, or caught up maybe on weary portage, to bring a moments forgetfulness of keenly cutting packstraps.

Rousing choruses given with such good-will that the mountain sides hoarsely sent back the melody.

Plaintive French folk-songs, their simple humor, endless iteration and minor strain an echo of the life of the people that gave them birth.

Nor were there wanting efforts more ambitious,—solos whose obligato accompaniment was the wind in the pines and the rude counterpoint of the river.

There were those who could not be made to sing, and those who could not be kept from singing, and finally those from whom an infinity of persuasion produced fragments of music sacred or profane, or possibly the admissible alternatives of a story or recitation.

Taking all the contributions into account, the repertory of the expedition was no mean one, and would fill many a page.

The Historian suggests that two lyrical efforts which are more peculiarly expeditionary property should be given in full.

CANOE SONG.

Air: Over the Sea to Skye,

Daylight is gone,
Night cometh on,
Trailing its robe of shade,
As o'er the tide
Swiftly we glide,
Bending the ashen blade.

Chorus.—Voices keep time,
 Hark to our rhyme,
 Echoed from cliff and tree ;
 While our canoe
 Holds its course true,
 Over the darkling sea.

Sunlight is dead,
 Stars overhead,
 Stars in the liquid deep ;
 Now the moonray
 A silvery way
 Hath tracked for our bark to keep.

Chorus.—

Tides swiftly flow,
 Murmuring go,
 Eddy past reef and bar ;
 Paddles dip fast,
 Headlands are past,
 Dim lights are twinkling far.

Chorus.—

Sleep lady fair,
 Through your tossed hair
 Fairer the moonlight seems ;
 Rippling along,
 Hushed is my song,
 Smile upon me in your dreams !

Chorus.—

BILLY AND FAN.

Air : Rosalie.

Je suis nommé Augustin Billy—de Billy,
 I sometimes go off on the spree—on the spree ;
 Je mène ma calèche,
 And I'll drive you to smash
 Si vous me donnerez un bon coup d'eau de vie.

Chorus.—But I care not what others may say,
 J'aimerai toujours ma jolie Malbaie ;
 Old Malbaie, chère Malbaie,
 J'aimerai toujours ma jolie Malbaie.

Je puis aisément battre Pomero—Pomero
 For his horse goes confoundedly slow,—deadly slow,
 Je chante comme une chatte,
 And I gambol like Pat,
 Et je porte mon paquet en heros !

Chorus.—

Je pars chaque année pour le bois,—pour le bois,
 With Joseph, Pomero, Nicolas—Nicolas,
 Nous prenons des truites,
 That we measure by feet,
 Et nous graissons les bottes de M'sieu Law !

Chorus !—

Ma jument je l'appelle “ Sacré Fan !—mangeuse Fan ! ”
 But I treat her as well as I can,—as I can
 Elle est bonne, elle est vite,
 And you can't see her feet,
 Quand elle fait un bon “ break ” pour le “ stand,”

Chorus ! !—

Je porte un chapeau à deux cornes,—à deux cornes,
 That's why sometimes I've more than one horn,—than one horn
 Je suis couronné,
 So Viva el Rey,
 Et le diable prend celui qui est morne !

Chorus !!!—

Bi-lingual doggerel which needs more than a word of explanation !

Augustin Billy (a violent accent on the "ly"), known in the County of Charlevoix as "Le Roi Des Charretiers," singeth himself and his mare ; of his occasional addiction to "*le bon wiski*" and its effect upon his whip arm he maketh casual mention.

He reciteth the ease with which his rival "Pomero" is overcome, and speaketh lightly of his accomplishments in the field and drawing-room, likening himself to the sportive colley "Pat."

He telleth of his voyages, and of the great fish which are taken, and of his duties in relation to Mr. Law's "beefeers."

His "Fan,"—the joy of his heart, he next toucheth on, and how bitterly he cursaeth and how kindly he treateth her. He sayeth not however that she is blind of one eye and advanced in years.

He maketh mention of a certain hat, having horns twain, invented and constructed by himself, with which fitly is he crowned ; and lastly inviteth the Powers of Darkness to avail themselves of any atrabilious individual, who looks at life less cheerfully than he with his back bent by sixty years of severest toil and cheerless poverty.

W. H. B.

EPILOGUE.

Not many days after our return, nearly all of the camp, as well as many other friends, had a picnic on the shore at Murray bay, of which much might be written, if that were the task in hand; the elders grouped about the rocks, the youngsters flitting hither and thither, the boys of them strong of limb and tanned of face, the girls rivalling the pretty flowers they had stolen from the sorrowing grasses.

But it is not mine to speak of all these things and of the glories of the bonfire, to mention which, is to recall happy memories, not only of songs, but also of Mr. Lash's inimitable character parts.

I, however, say a word of the deep chord struck in our hearts, when one, whose sunny hair and sunnier self had lighted up the afternoon, sang "Who's that a-calling," and various answers were recorded silently in different hearts.

To some there were no voices louder or sweeter in the world than those of present friends. For others, wealthy fields of Ontario broke upon their vision, and peerless voices from them broke upon their ears. Whilst for others, or for another at least, the song had such a potency of charm, that voices, thousands of miles apart, spoke together and in harmony. Near, the voices of those whose every word, whose every act, had been tuned as that master, Friendship, alone can tune words and acts. In the far away, yet sounding clearly, though coming over trackless wastes of sea, the voices of those for whose love distance had no meaning. At one moment, the near asserted itself; at the next, the far away. The St. Lawrence broke gently upon the shore, and spoke of happy present hours: the Atlantic rolled upon an English beach, and told of other days.

The singer is thanked for the song. The fire gradually dies; some brave logs still burn, but soon darkness must come.

Darkness has come. The boats are charged with living freight, and are shot out on to the black sea.

What matters it that the darkness has come ! Night may be ours, or day ; darkness or light ; the gloom of midnight or the dance of noon. Friendship is ever with us, recking not of change. Upright and firm it stands, whate'er betides.

Do I not see its steadfastness in a vision ? I see a wondrous calm, a happy day, a wealth of sun, and a tree standing upright towards the blue. And now, the blackest night, a rage of wind, a horrid tossing of the smaller growths, and, standing upright still, the Tree of Les Erables !

A. M. G.